DEFIANT
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SPECIAL 48-PAGE ISSUE!
Prudence & CAUTION
TM
55
JIM FERN

Prudence & CAUTION™

To introduce you to the newest duo in the DEFIANT Universe, we've asked some of our favorite Pencilers to shift their artistic gears from storytelling to portraiture: the result is a multifaceted view of Rick and Pru.

Herewith is our portfolio of PRUDENCE & CAUTION pin-ups, captured in brush and ink by the adept hands of

Jim Fern,

Grey,

Lee Moder, and

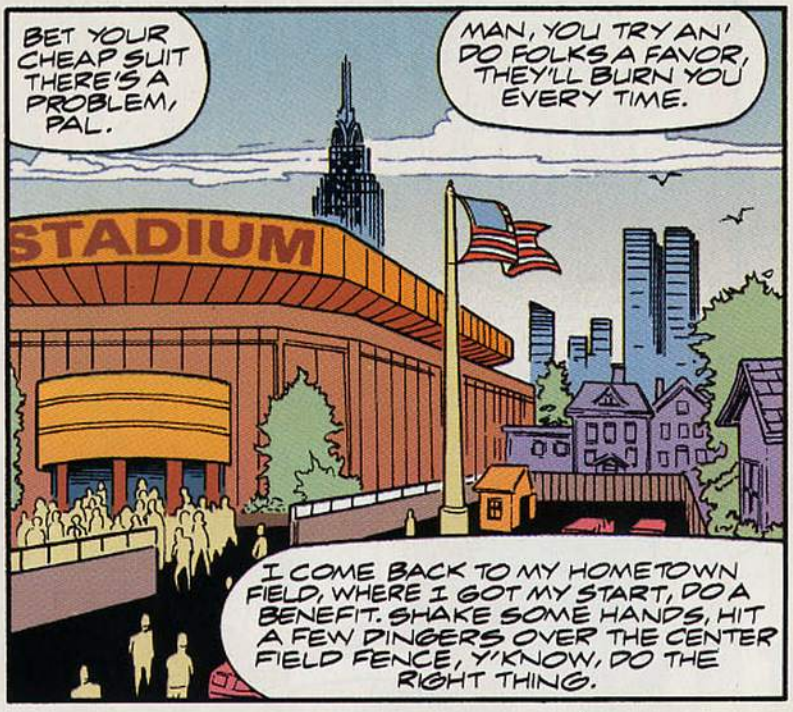
Adam Pollina.

Enjoy!

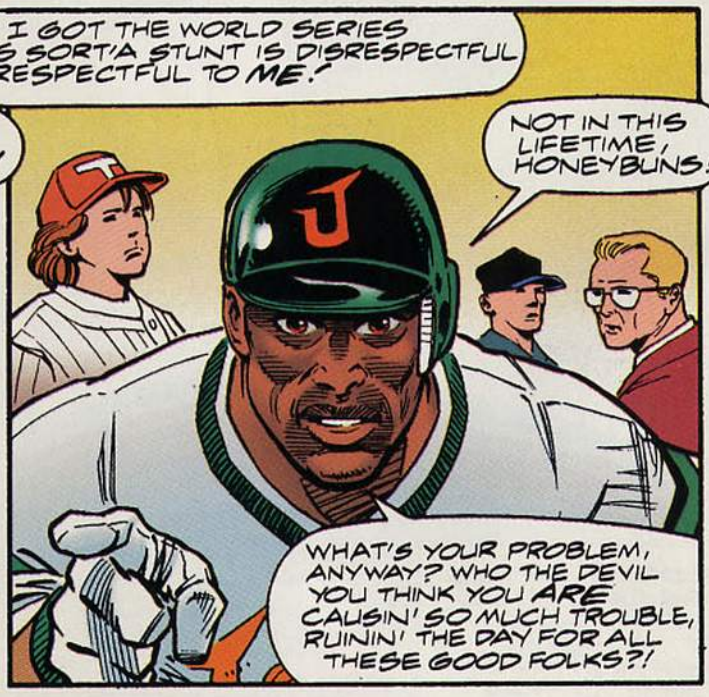
DEFIANT

A'HUNTING WE WILL GO
Wherein Friends are made & Enemies Confounded
SHOES MADE
SUMMER IN THE CITY.
AND ALL ACROSS THE LAND, IN MAJOR LEAGUES AND MINOR, IN PARKS BIG AND SMALL, HOPE ONCE MORE SPRINGS ETERNAL FOR THOSE WHO LOVE AMERICA'S NATIONAL PASTIME.
THIS IS THE YEAR YOU MAKE THE TEAM, THIS IS THE YEAR THAT TEAM WINS THE PENNANT.
ONE OF THE MARVELS OF THE GAME IS HOW LITTLE IT'S CHANGED OVER ITS LIFETIME. IT'S PLAYED PRETTY MUCH THE SAME TODAY AS WHEN ABNER DOUBLEDAY INVENTED IT.
THOUGH THERE HAVE BEEN A FEW CHANGES.
NOT EVERYONE'S HAPPY ABOUT THAT.
WHAT THE HECK IS SHE DOIN' HERE?!

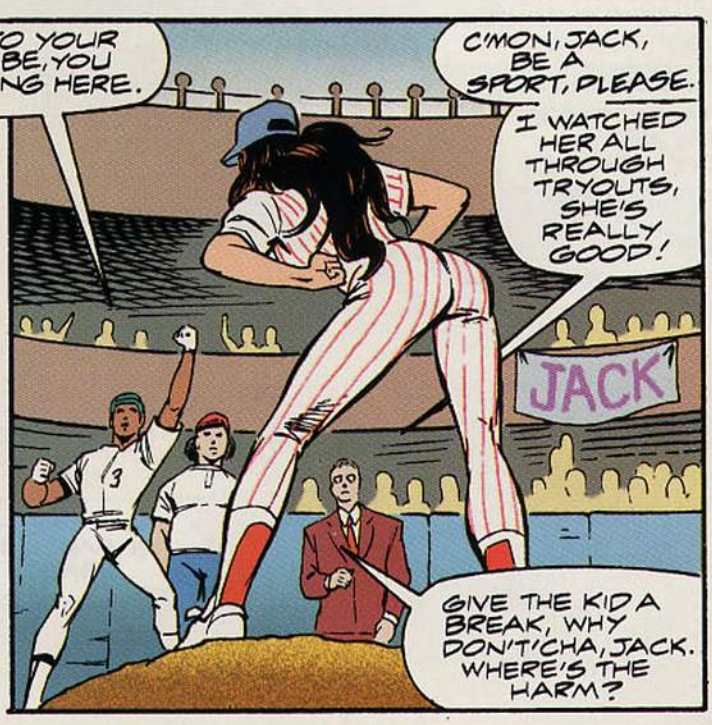
IS THIS SOME SORT'A JOKE?!
CUT IT OUT, JACK. THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS
EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN, IS THERE SOME PROBLEM?

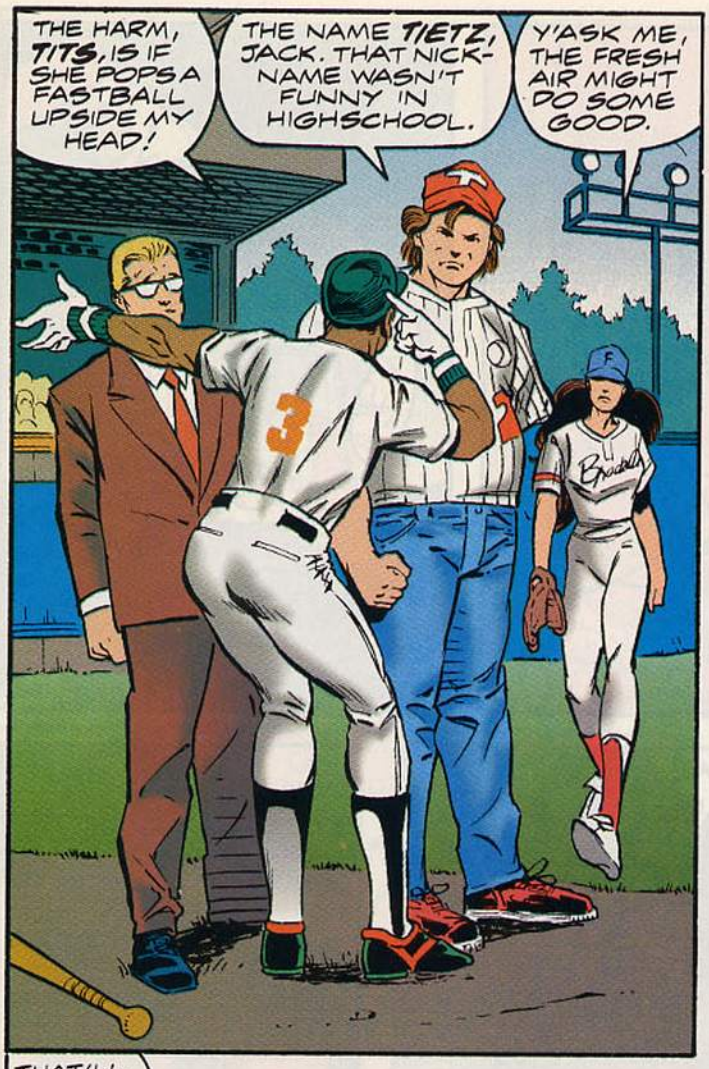

BET YOUR CHEAP SUIT THERE'S A PROBLEM, PAL.
MAN, YOU TRY AN' DO FOLKS A FAVOR, THEY'LL BURN YOU EVERY TIME.
STADIUM
I COME BACK TO MY HOMETOWN FIELD, WHERE I GOT MY START, DO A BENEFIT. SHAKE SOME HANDS, HIT A FEW DINGERS OVER THE CENTER FIELD FENCE, Y'KNOW, DO THE RIGHT THING.

BUT NO WAY DO I STAND IN THE BATTER'S BOX AGAINST SOME GIRL!
I'M LEAGUE MVP, AN' I GOT THE WORLD SERIES RING TO PROVE IT! THIS SORT'A STUNT IS DISRESPECTFUL TO THE GAME, AN' DISRESPECTFUL TO ME!
GIMME A BREAK!


NOT IN THIS LIFETIME, HONEYBUNS!
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, ANYWAY? WHO THE DEVIL YOU THINK YOU ARE CAUSIN' SO MUCH TROUBLE, RUININ' THE DAY FOR ALL THESE GOOD FOLKS?!

I COULD ASK THE SAME OF YOU, PAL.
GO HOME TO YOUR DOLLIES, BABE, YOU DON'T BELONG HERE.


C'MON, JACK, BE A SPORT, PLEASE.
I WATCHED HER ALL THROUGH TRYOUTS, SHE'S REALLY GOOD!
JACK
GIVE THE KID A BREAK, WHY DON'T'CHA, JACK. WHERE'S THE HARM?



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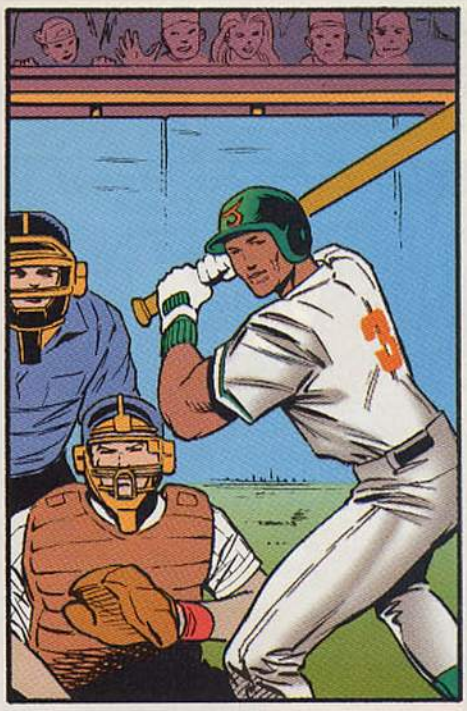
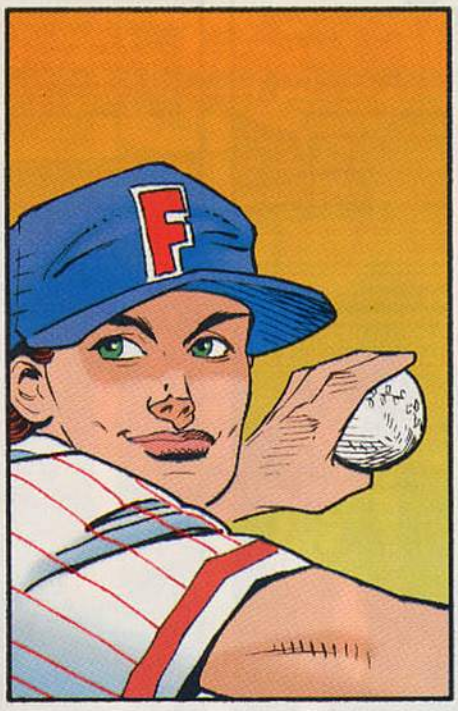
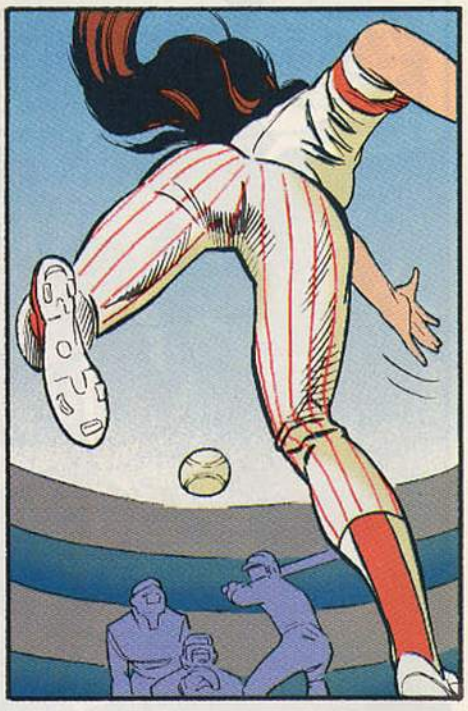
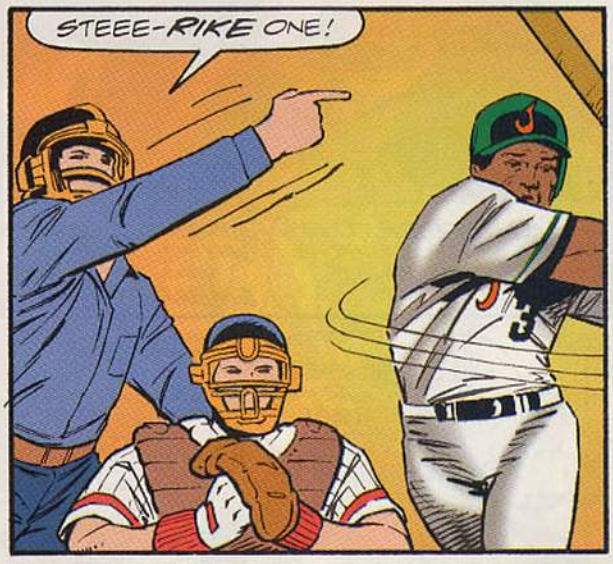


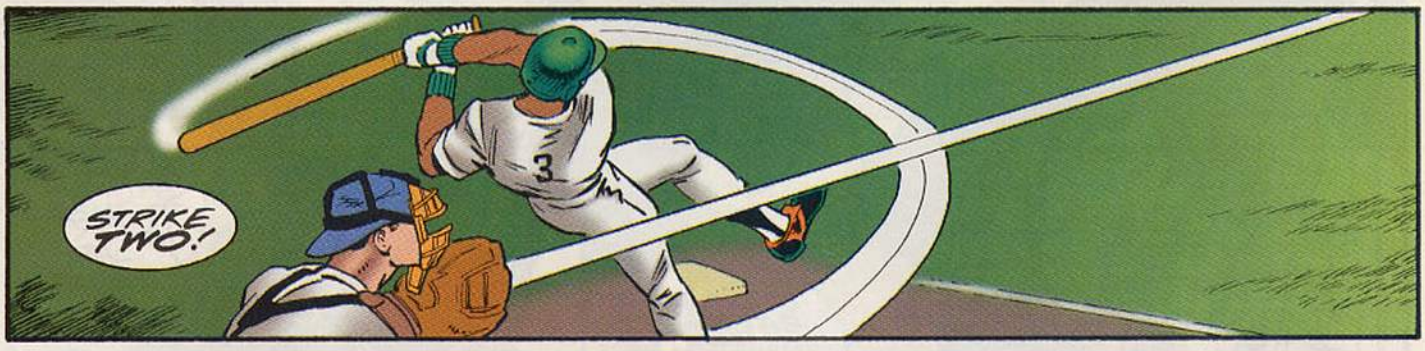





STEEE-RIKE ONE!

LUCK!

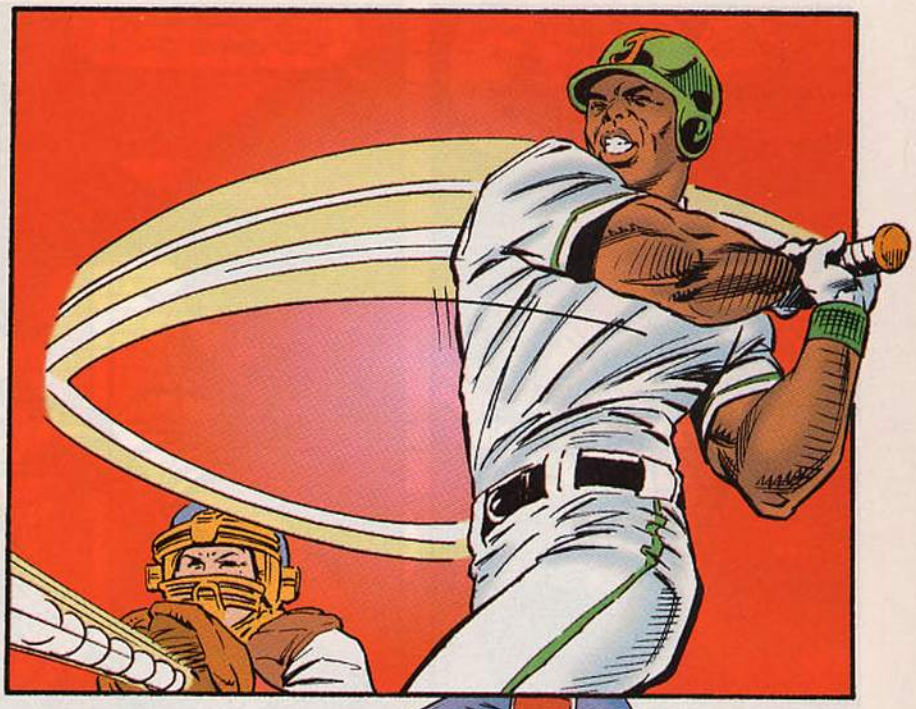
YOU WISH.


STRIKE TWO!

JACK! YOU OKAY?
GET OUTTA MY FACE, MAN! GET OFF THE FIELD!

I'M WORKIN'!

OKAY, SWEETIE, NO MORE FOOLIN'!
LESSEE HOW GOOD YOU REALLY ARE!



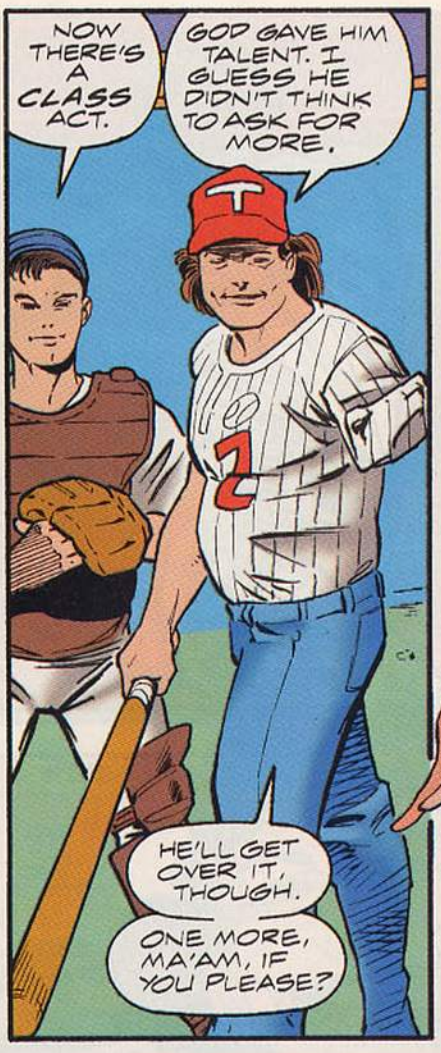
JACK--?

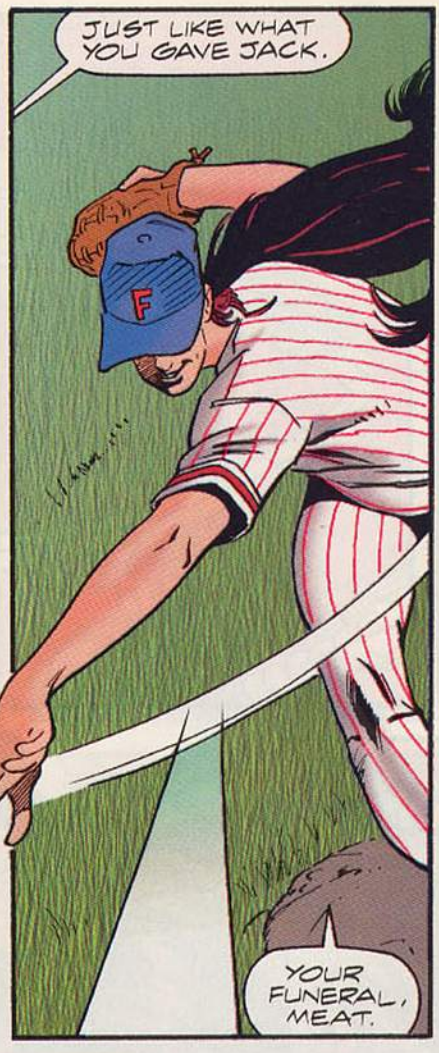
NOT A WORD, TITS! NOT FROM ANY OF YOU!

YOU HAD YOUR FUN, NOW YOU GONNA PAY FOR IT.

I'M OUTTA HERE! YOU CAN TAKE YOUR PRECIOUS BENEFIT, AN' YOUR RINKY-DINK AMATEUR HOUR BALLCLUB...

...AND YOU CAN SHOVE IT!

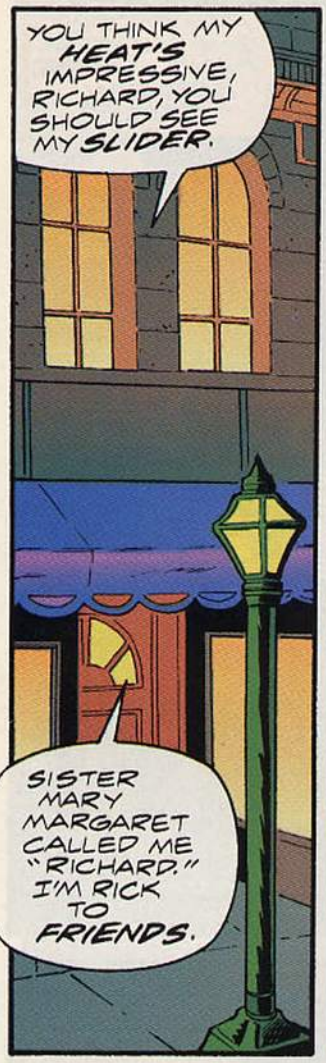

NOW THERE'S A CLASS ACT.
GOD GAVE HIM TALENT. I GUESS HE DIDN'T THINK TO ASK FOR MORE.
HE'LL GET OVER IT, THOUGH.
ONE MORE, MA'AM, IF YOU PLEASE?


JUST LIKE WHAT YOU GAVE JACK.
YOUR FUNERAL, MEAT.

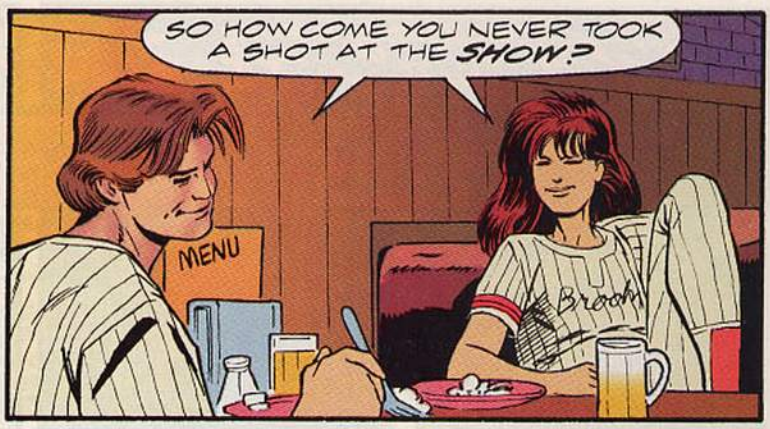
I DON'T THINK SO.
KRAK!
?

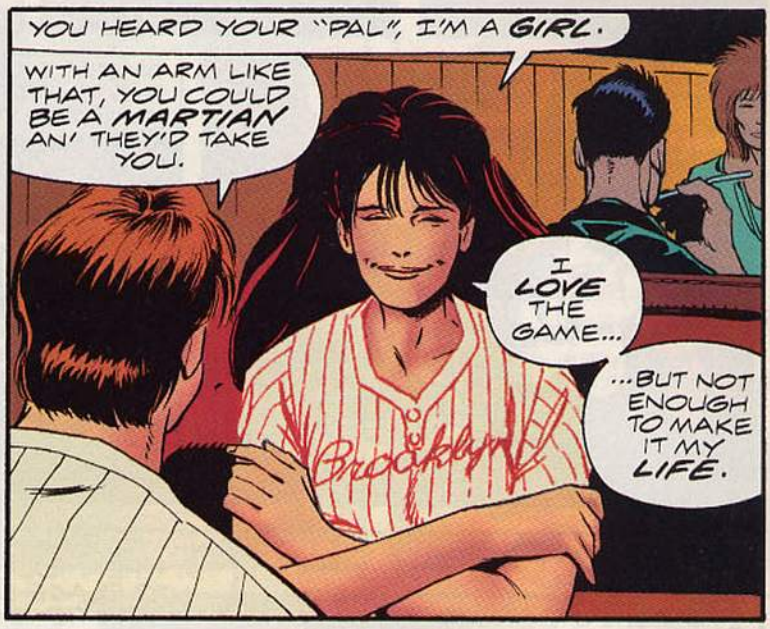
THAT'S YOU, AIN'T IT, RICK.
ALWAYS GOTTA HAVE THE LAST WORD.

SONOVA--!


YOU THINK MY HEAT'S IMPRESSIVE, RICHARD, YOU SHOULD SEE MY SLIDER.
SISTER MARY MARGARET CALLED ME "RICHARD." I'M RICK TO FRIENDS.

AND I BET I COULD NAIL THE SLIDER, TOO.
BET YOU COULD, AT THAT.


SO HOW COME YOU NEVER TOOK A SHOT AT THE SHOW?
MENU

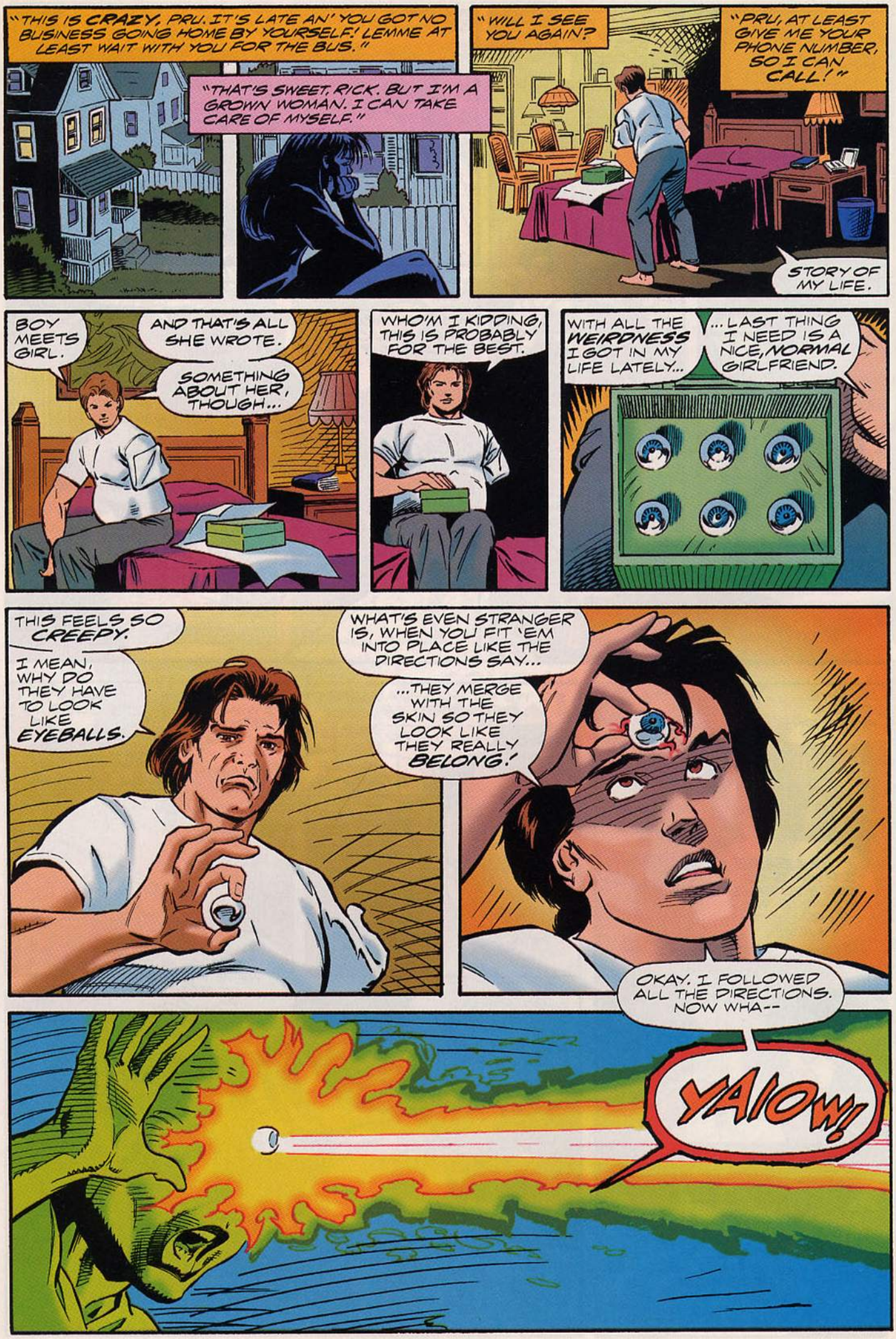

YOU HEARD YOUR "PAL", I'M A GIRL.
WITH AN ARM LIKE THAT, YOU COULD BE A MARTIAN AN' THEY'D TAKE YOU.
I LOVE THE GAME...
...BUT NOT ENOUGH TO MAKE IT MY LIFE.
Brooklyn

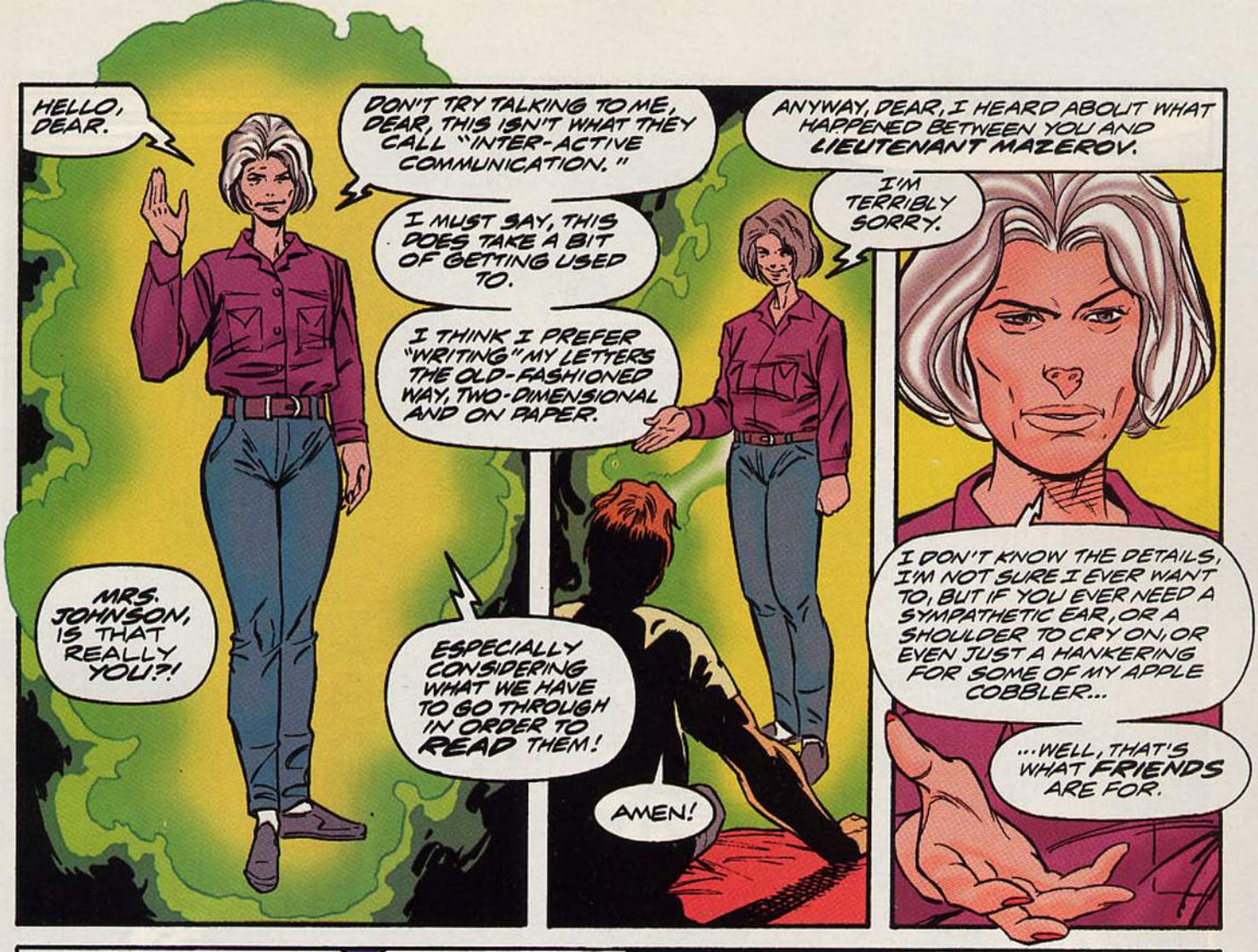
I HAVE... OTHER AMBITIONS.
SO WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE.
ASIDE FROM THE OBVIOUS, YOU MEAN?
PUH-LEASE! I'D HATE TO SEE YOU TAKE A SWING WITH TWO GOOD ARMS.
TRUTH TO TELL, I OUTHIT JACK AT SCHOOL. BUT HE STOPPED GROWING. THERE REALLY IS SUCH A THING AS BEING TOO BIG FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

SO WE'RE BOTH DAMNED CIRCUMSTANCE.
WHATEVER.
YOU'RE STARING, SPORT.

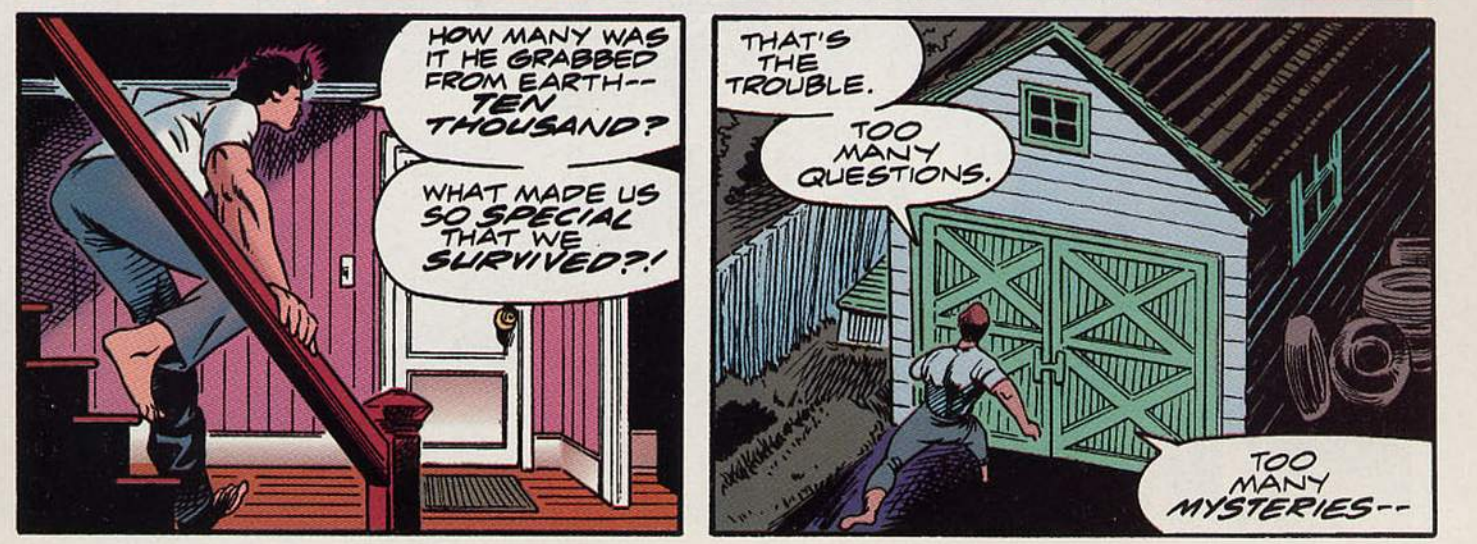
NOT THAT I MIND, DEPENDING ON THE GUY.
I'M SORRY. IT'S JUST...

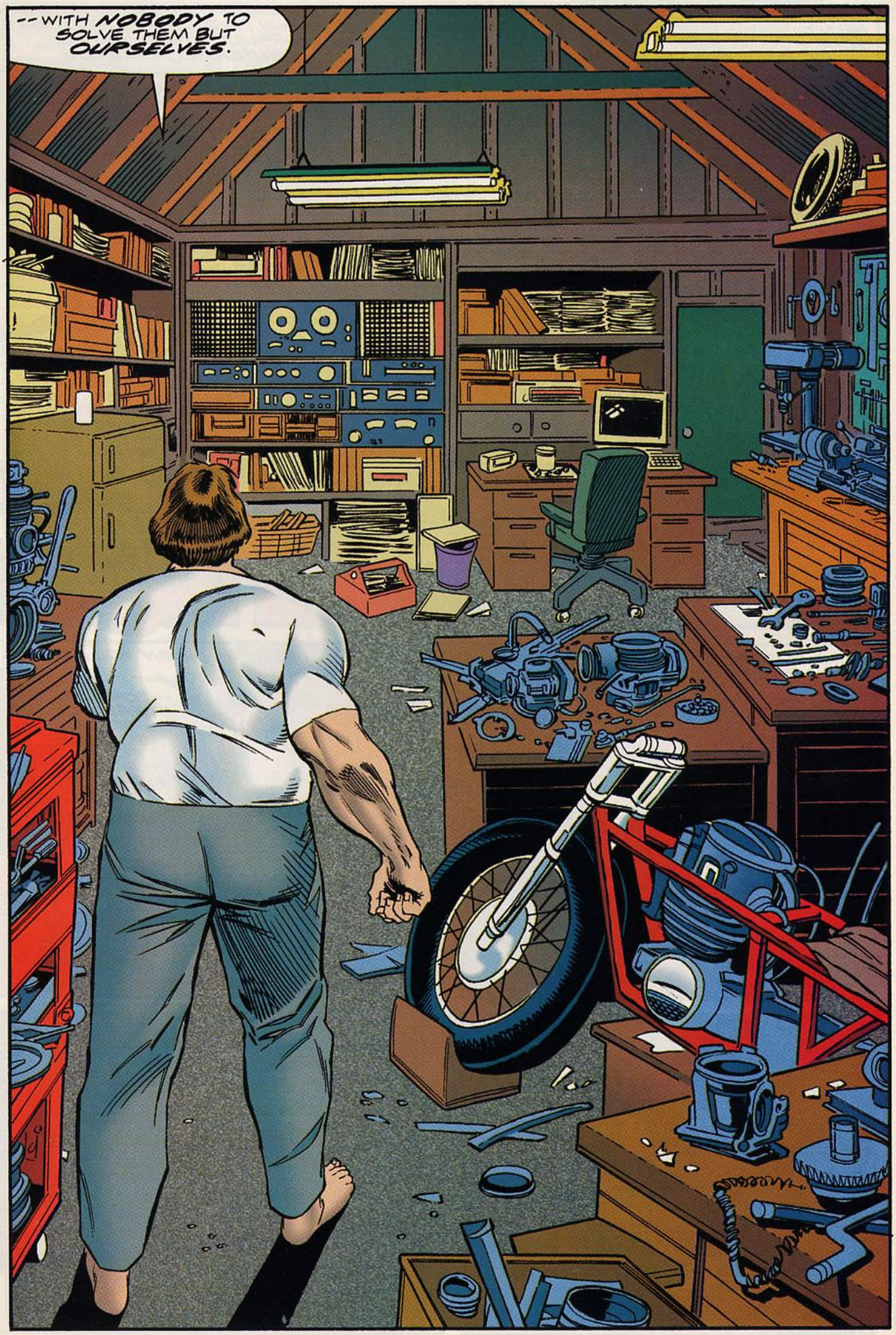
PARDON MY ASKING, BUT HAVE WE EVER MET BEFORE? YOU LOOK AWFULLY FAMILIAR.
WHAT'S THAT CLASSIC YOGI LINE: "IT'S DEJA VU ALL OVER AGAIN"?
HATE TO SAY IT, RICK, BUT IF YOU HAVE TO ASK THE QUESTION...
...YOU ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER.

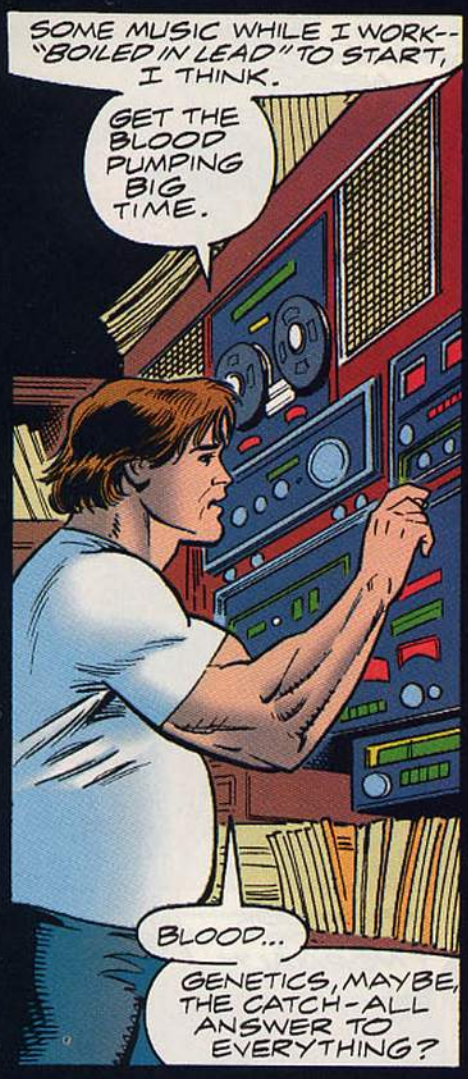

"THIS IS CRAZY, PRU. IT'S LATE AN' YOU GOT NO BUSINESS GOING HOME BY YOURSELF! LEMME AT LEAST WAIT WITH YOU FOR THE BUS."
"THAT'S SWEET, RICK. BUT I'M A GROWN WOMAN. I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF."
"WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN?
"PRU, AT LEAST GIVE ME YOUR PHONE NUMBER, SO I CAN CALL!"
STORY OF MY LIFE.
BOY MEETS GIRL.
AND THAT'S ALL SHE WROTE.
SOMETHING ABOUT HER, THOUGH...
WHO'M I KIDDING, THIS IS PROBABLY FOR THE BEST.
WITH ALL THE WEIRDNESS I GOT IN MY LIFE LATELY...
...LAST THING I NEED IS A NICE, NORMAL GIRLFRIEND.
THIS FEELS SO CREEPY.
I MEAN, WHY DO THEY HAVE TO LOOK LIKE EYEBALLS.
WHAT'S EVEN STRANGER IS, WHEN YOU FIT 'EM INTO PLACE LIKE THE DIRECTIONS SAY...
...THEY MERGE WITH THE SKIN SO THEY LOOK LIKE THEY REALLY BELONG!
OKAY. I FOLLOWED ALL THE DIRECTIONS. NOW WHA--
YAIOW!

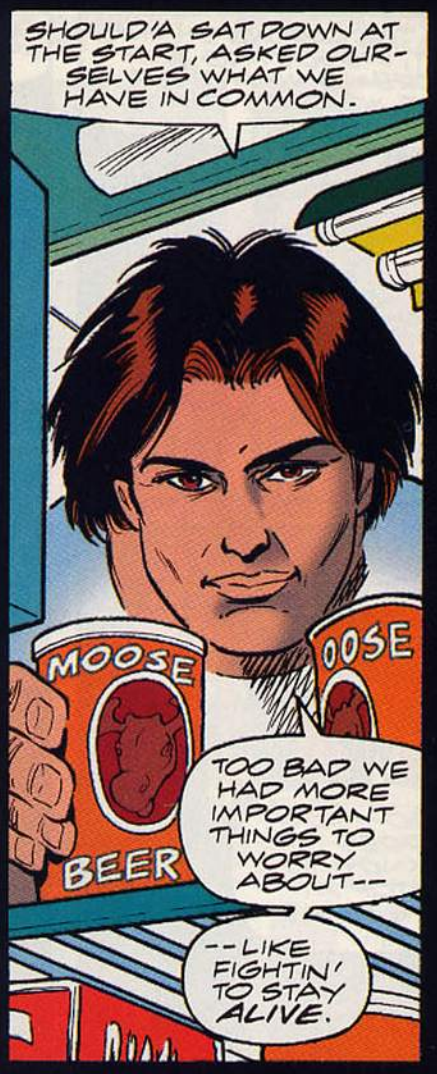

HELLO, DEAR.
DON'T TRY TALKING TO ME, DEAR, THIS ISN'T WHAT THEY CALL "INTER-ACTIVE COMMUNICATION."
I MUST SAY, THIS DOES TAKE A BIT OF GETTING USED TO.
I THINK I PREFER "WRITING" MY LETTERS THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY, TWO-DIMENSIONAL AND ON PAPER.
MRS. JOHNSON, IS THAT REALLY YOU?!
ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING WHAT WE HAVE TO GO THROUGH IN ORDER TO READ THEM!
AMEN!
ANYWAY, DEAR, I HEARD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN YOU AND LIEUTENANT MAZEROV.
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY.
I DON'T KNOW THE DETAILS, I'M NOT SURE I EVER WANT TO, BUT IF YOU EVER NEED A SYMPATHETIC EAR, OR A SHOULDER TO CRY ON, OR EVEN JUST A HANKERING FOR SOME OF MY APPLE COBBLER...
...WELL, THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR.

I THOUGHT MAZEROV WAS A FRIEND, MRS. J!
IF WHAT WE WENT THROUGH ON THE ORG HAD ANY MEANING, IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THAT!
FIVE STRANGERS BECOMING LIKE A FAMILY!
DAMN YOU LORCA--
--FOR STEALING US FROM OUR HOMES, FOR STEALING US FROM OUR LIVES!


HOW MANY WAS IT HE GRABBED FROM EARTH-- TEN THOUSAND?
WHAT MADE US SO SPECIAL THAT WE SURVIVED?!
THAT'S THE TROUBLE.
TOO MANY QUESTIONS.
TOO MANY MYSTERIES--


--WITH NOBODY TO SOLVE THEM BUT OURSELVES.


SOME MUSIC WHILE I WORK-- "BOILED IN LEAD" TO START, I THINK.
GET THE BLOOD PUMPING BIG TIME.
BLOOD...
GENETICS, MAYBE, THE CATCH-ALL ANSWER TO EVERYTHING?


SHOULD'A SAT DOWN AT THE START, ASKED OURSELVES WHAT WE HAVE IN COMMON.
MOOSE
BEER
TOO BAD WE HAD MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT--
--LIKE FIGHTIN' TO STAY ALIVE.

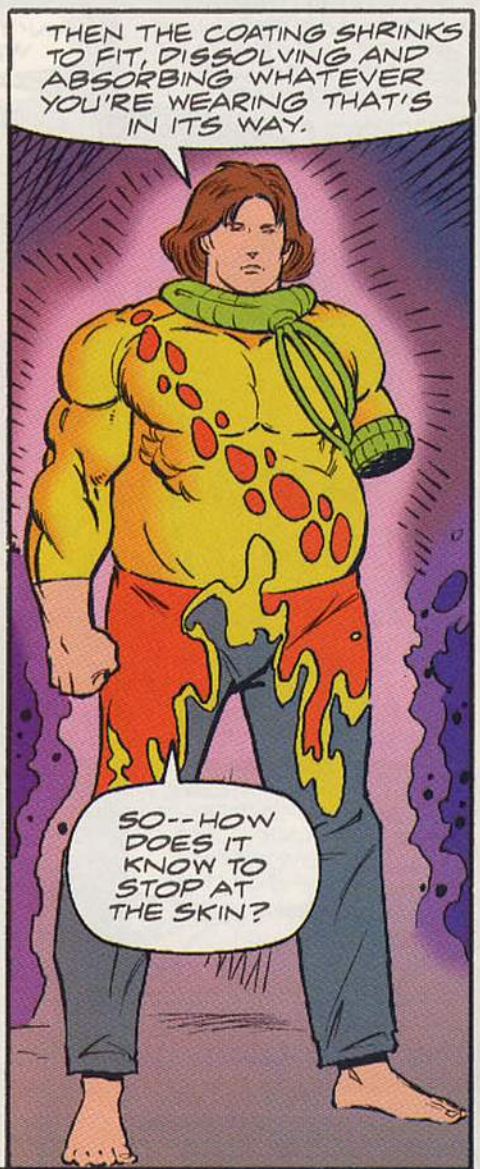
AIN'T GOTTEN BETTER SINCE WE CAME HOME.
EVERY DAY, THE WORLD SEEMS TO GET MORE'N MORE SQUIRRELLY.
I MEAN LOOK AT ME--USING THESE PLASM EYES TO RECORD MY NOTES, 'STEAD OF WRITING 'EM DOWN.
ARE WE RESPONSIBLE? WHAT HAPPENED TO US? OR ARE WE ALONG FOR THE RIDE??

MAN, WHERE'S "REED RICHARDS" WHEN YOU NEED HIM, OR THE "BATMAN"?
SOME BRAIN TRUST WE COULD TURN TO.
LEAST, THEY'D KNOW WHAT THEY WERE DOING--

--'STEAD' A HAVIN TO MAKE IT UP AS THEY GO ALONG--
-- AWHW GEEZ!?!

I HATE IT WHEN IT DOES THIS!

HOW DO THEY STAND THIS ON THE ORG?
IT'S LIKE HAVING YOUR WHOLE BODY DUNKED IN VASELINE.

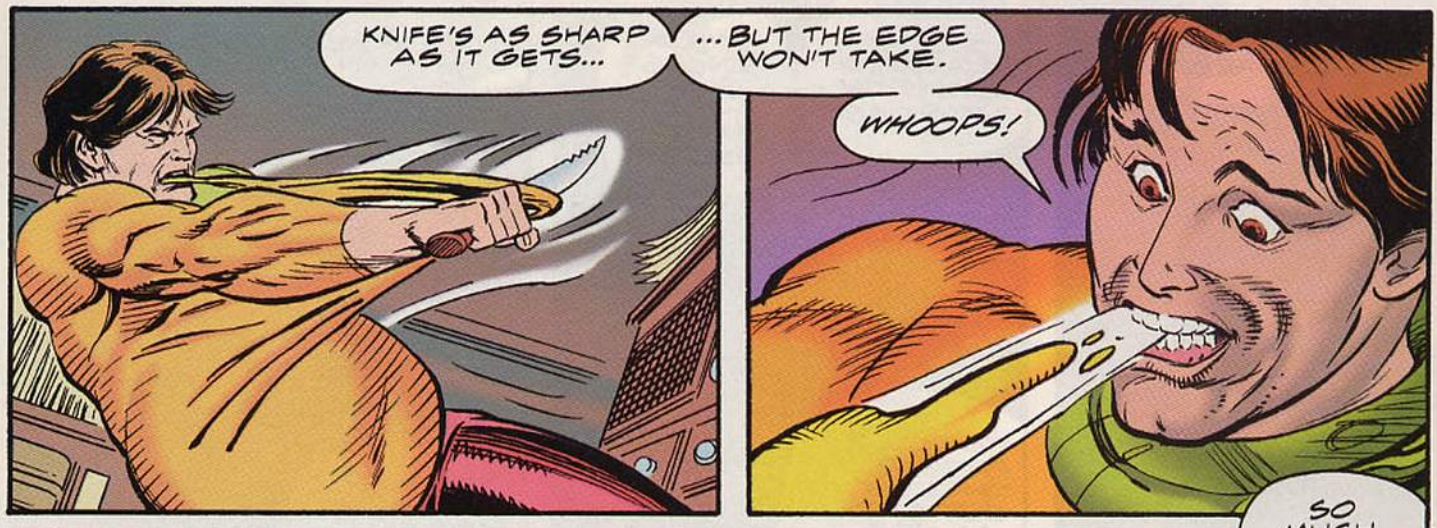

THEN THE COATING SHRINKS TO FIT, DISSOLVING AND ABSORBING WHATEVER YOU'RE WEARING THAT'S IN ITS WAY.
SO--HOW DOES IT KNOW TO STOP AT THE SKIN?

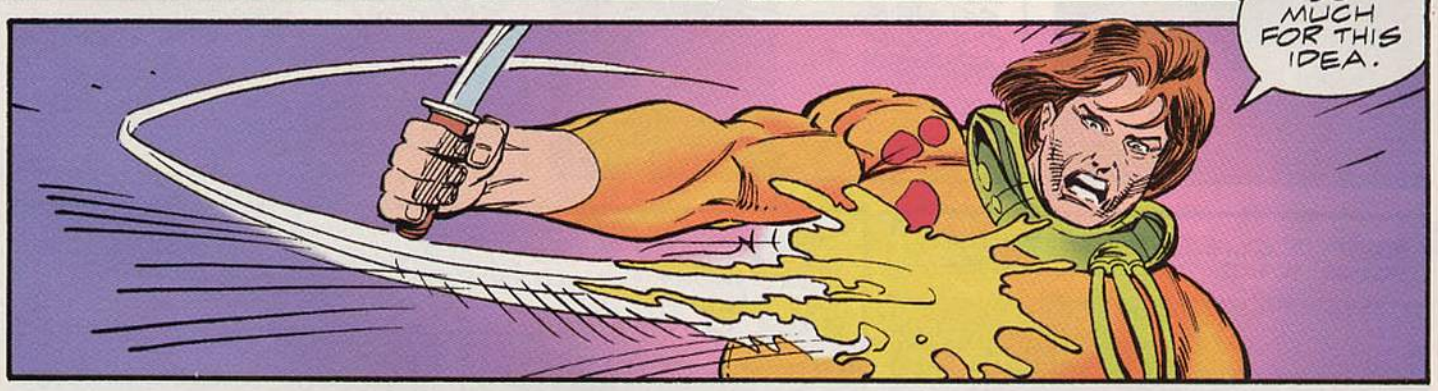
AND IF THIS GOOP CHANGES ITS APPEARANCE WITH EACH APPLICATION...
...WHY FOR ONCE CAN'T IT SETTLE ON A LOOK THAT'S NORMAL?!

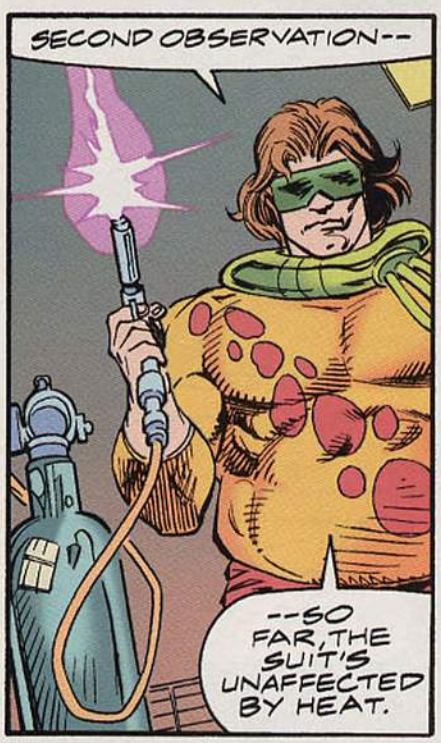
QUIT YOUR CRYING, RICKY, THIS STYLE IS NORMAL FOR WHERE IT CAME FROM.
MAKE MYSELF A FORTUNE, I COULD FIGURE A WAY TO SELL IT TO DANCERS.
OKAY, THE GOOP'S COMFORT-ABLE.

DOESN'T FEEL LIKE CLOTHES OR ANY-THING, MORE LIKE AN EXTRA-THICK LAYER OF SKIN.
WHAT ELSE DOES IT HAVE GOING FOR IT.?
CAN IT BE TORN? OR CUT?

FIRST OBSER-VATION--
-- THE STUFF STRETCHES BIG-TIME.
GREAT! I CAN STUFF MYSELF AT THANKS-GIVING AND NOT HAVE TO LOOSEN MY BELT.
TOO BAD THE SIGHT OF MY BELLY, ESPECIALLY WITH THIS COLOR SCHEME, IS SURE TO MAKE EVERYONE SICK.


KNIFE'S AS SHARP AS IT GETS...
...BUT THE EDGE WON'T TAKE.
WHOOPS!


SO MUCH FOR THIS IDEA.

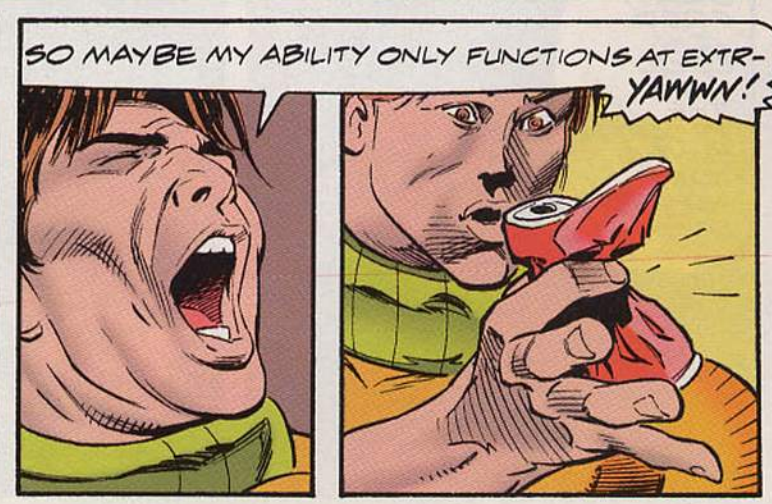

SECOND OBSERVATION--
--SO FAR, THE SUIT'S UNAFFECTED BY HEAT.

THIS IS THE ACID TEST.

THE TORCH IS HOT ENOUGH TO CUT STEEL, BUT I DON'T FEEL A THING.
IS IT THE SUIT, OR IS IT ME?
AND IF IT'S ME, WHAT'S MY LIMIT?
ONE OF THOSE THINGS, I GUESS I GET TO FIND OUT THE HARD WAY--NOT!

INVULNERABILITY IMPLIES A LACK OF PHYSICAL SENSATION.

SO I SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO FEEL THIS CAN.
BUT I DO, FORM AND TEXTURE.

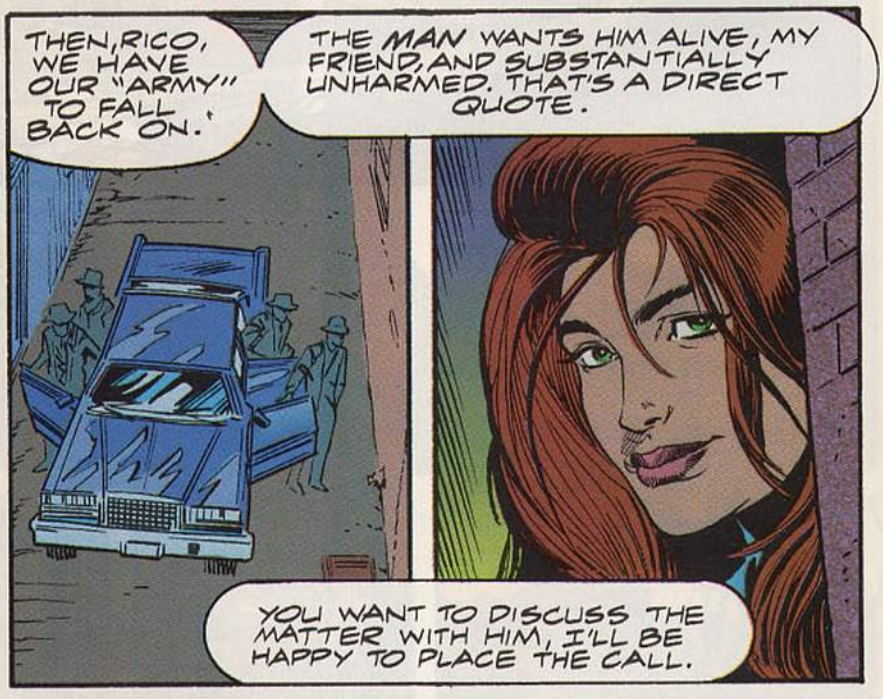

SO MAYBE MY ABILITY ONLY FUNCTIONS AT EXTR-
YAWWN!

THIS IS SUCH A CROCK, FRED.
?

IT'S A STANDARD "SNATCH 'N' GRAB" OP.
IT'S A SINGLE GUY, AN' A GIMP BESIDES.
WE COULD PROBABLY TAKE HIM OUT OUR-SELVES, ON OUR LONESOME. THERE'S NO NEED TO FIELD AN ARMY!

OURS IS NOT TO REASON WHY, MY FRIEND.
THE MAN SAYS HE'S SPECIAL.
THAT'S WHY WE START WITH THE NERVE GAS, THEN GO TO STUNNERS IF THAT DOESN'T WORK.

KEEP IT QUIET, KEEP IT NEAT, DON'T WAKE THE NEIGHBORS.
AND IF THE STUNNERS DON'T WORK, EITHER?


THEN, RICO, WE HAVE OUR "ARMY" TO FALL BACK ON.
THE MAN WANTS HIM ALIVE, MY FRIEND, AND SUBSTANTIALLY UNHARMED. THAT'S A DIRECT QUOTE.
YOU WANT TO DISCUSS THE MATTER WITH HIM, I'LL BE HAPPY TO PLACE THE CALL.

NO.
NO.
THAT'S OKAY, FRED. I'M COOL WITH THE PROGRAM. I WAS JUST WONDERIN', IS ALL.

TEAM IN FRONT, ANOTHER IN BACK, A DOZEN MEN, TOTAL.
THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK.
THOSE ODDS SURE WORK FOR ME!
?
!

WHAT--?!
WHO?!!
GUN HER!
NOW, GENTLEMEN--REALLY!

IS THIS ANY WAY...

...TO TREAT...

...A LADY?

DIDN'T THINK SO.

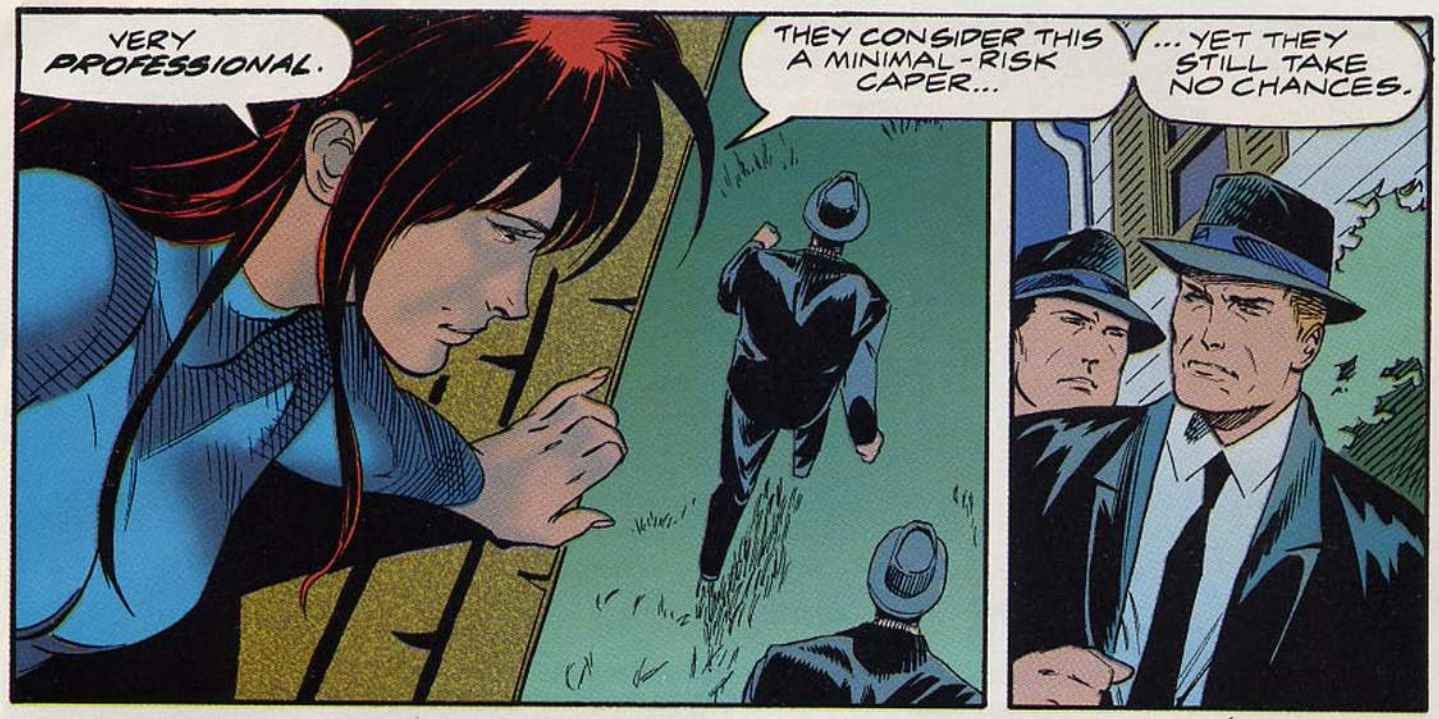
INTERESTING TURN OF EVENTS.
FIT AND WELL TRAINED.

MILITARY, FROM THEIR REACTIONS, AND COMBAT-EXPERIENCED.
THAT BESPEAKS A LINK WITH THE NATIONAL POWER STRUCTURE.

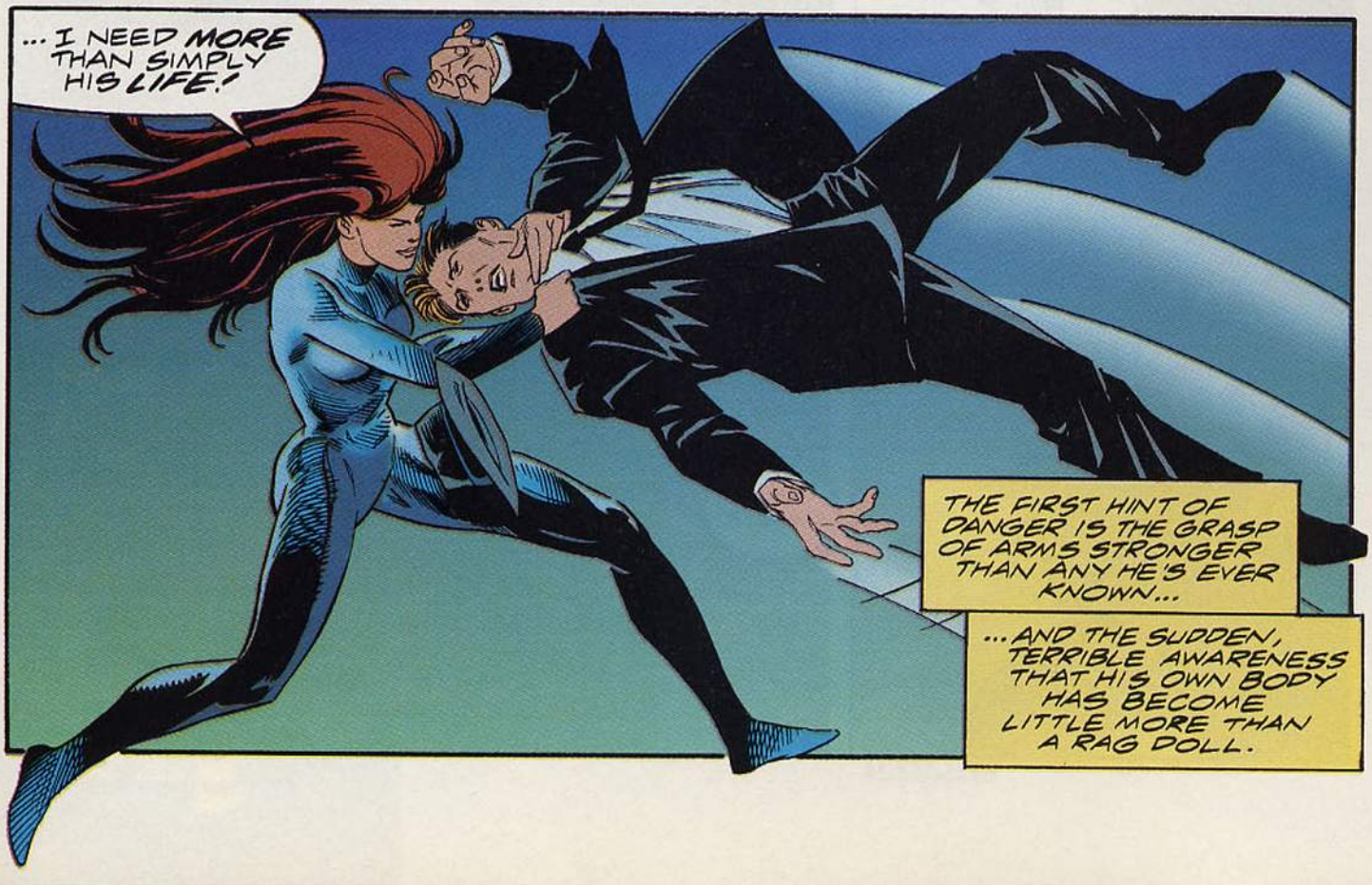
BUT WHY WOULD THE GOVERNMENT BE INTERESTED IN RICK. BY RIGHTS, THEY SHOULDN'T EVEN KNOW HE EXISTS.
GREEN LIGHT ON THE GAS. AIR'S CLEAR.
SENSCAN INDICATES TARGET IS UNCONSCIOUS. COLLATERAL INVOLVEMENT OF THREE HOUSES DOWNWIND. LIFESIGNS STABLE.

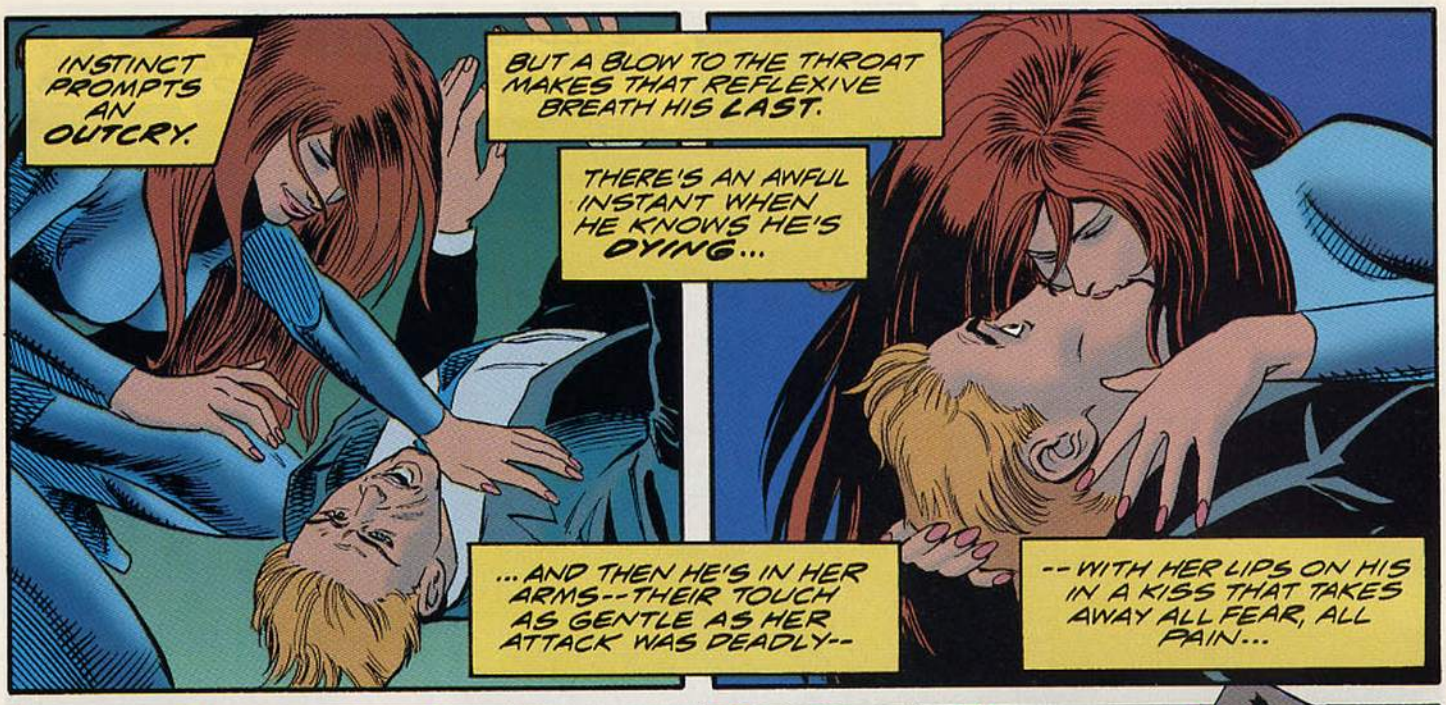
DAMN IT. I WARNED THE MAN ABOUT USING GAS.
IT'S NO BIG WOOP, ROG. THE NEIGHBORHOOD SLEEPS A LITTLE MORE SOUNDLY TONIGHT THAN USUAL, IS ALL. THEY'LL RISE 'N' SHINE JUST FINE COME SUN-UP.
SPARE ME THE HOMESPUN, DUKE. SUPPOSE SOMETHING HAPPENS!
NOT OUR CONCERN.
TEAM ONE, GO. TEAM TWO'LL PROVIDE BACK-UP AND SECURITY.

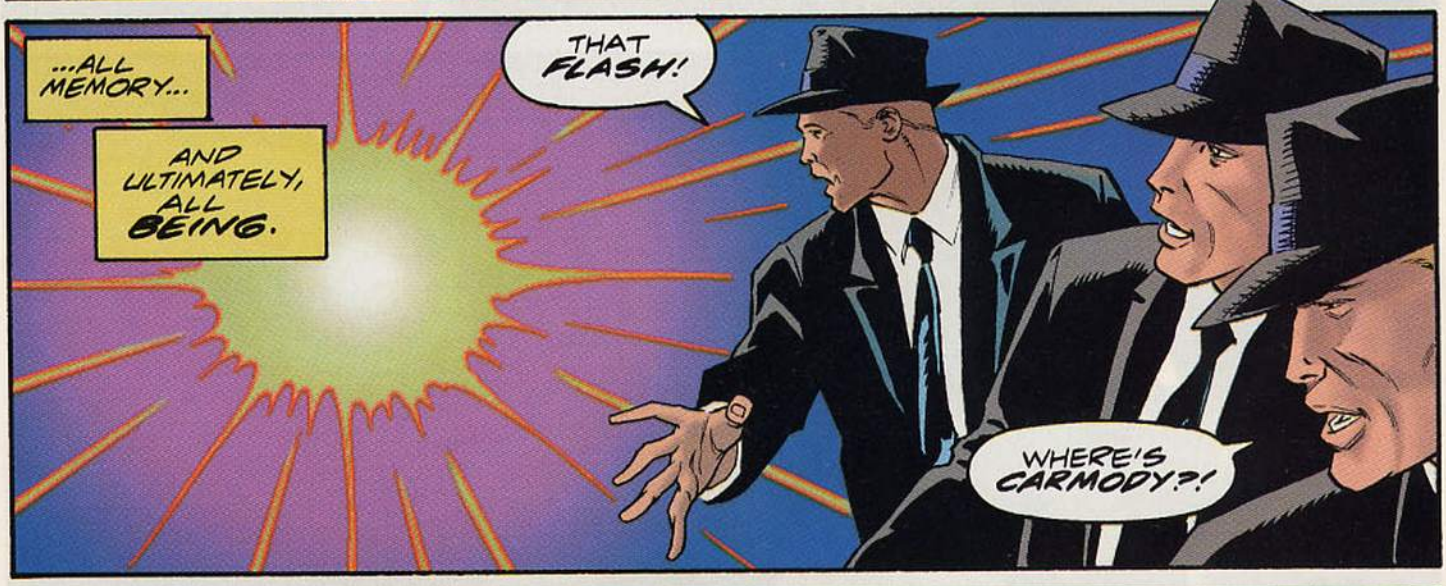
AND I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY ONE ON EARTH WITH A PROPRIETARY INTEREST IN RICK.
IT SEEMS I HAVE SOME COMPETITION IN THAT REGARD.
HOW DELIGHTFUL.


VERY PROFESSIONAL.
THEY CONSIDER THIS A MINIMAL-RISK CAPER...
...YET THEY STILL TAKE NO CHANCES.

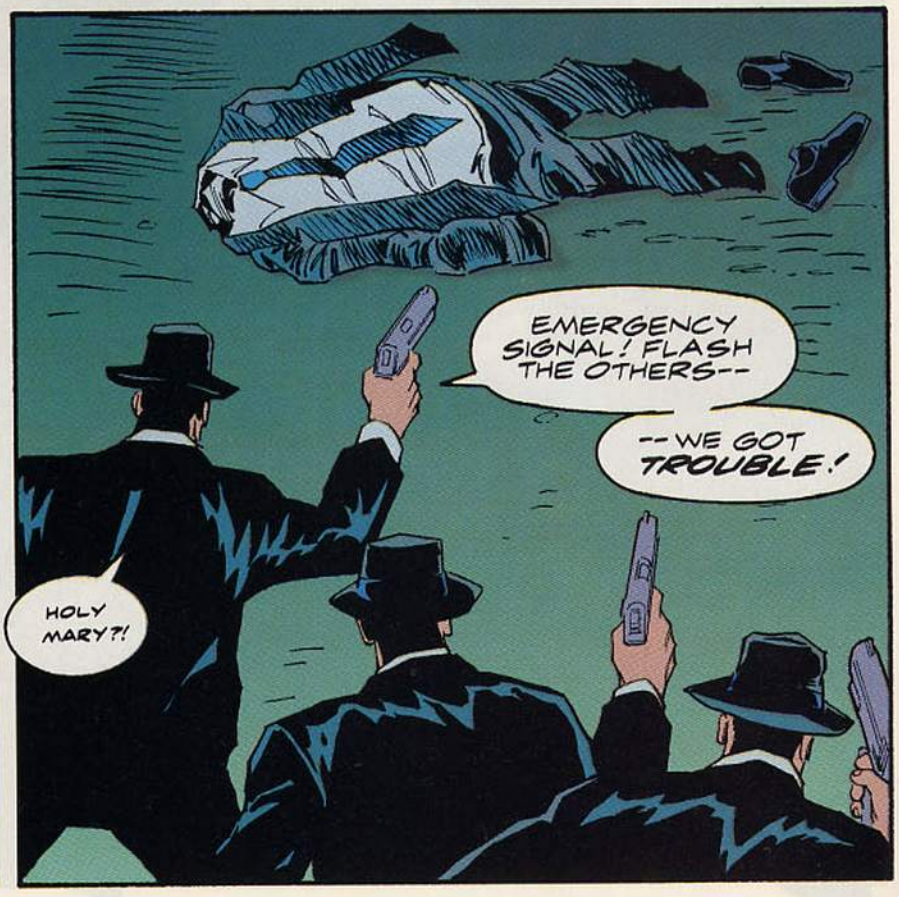
PITY THAT WON'T SAVE THEM.
I WAS TOO HASTY WITH HIS COMRADES.
FROM THIS ONE...


...I NEED MORE THAN SIMPLY HIS LIFE!
THE FIRST HINT OF DANGER IS THE GRASP OF ARMS STRONGER THAN ANY HE'S EVER KNOWN...
...AND THE SUDDEN, TERRIBLE AWARENESS THAT HIS OWN BODY HAS BECOME LITTLE MORE THAN A RAG DOLL.

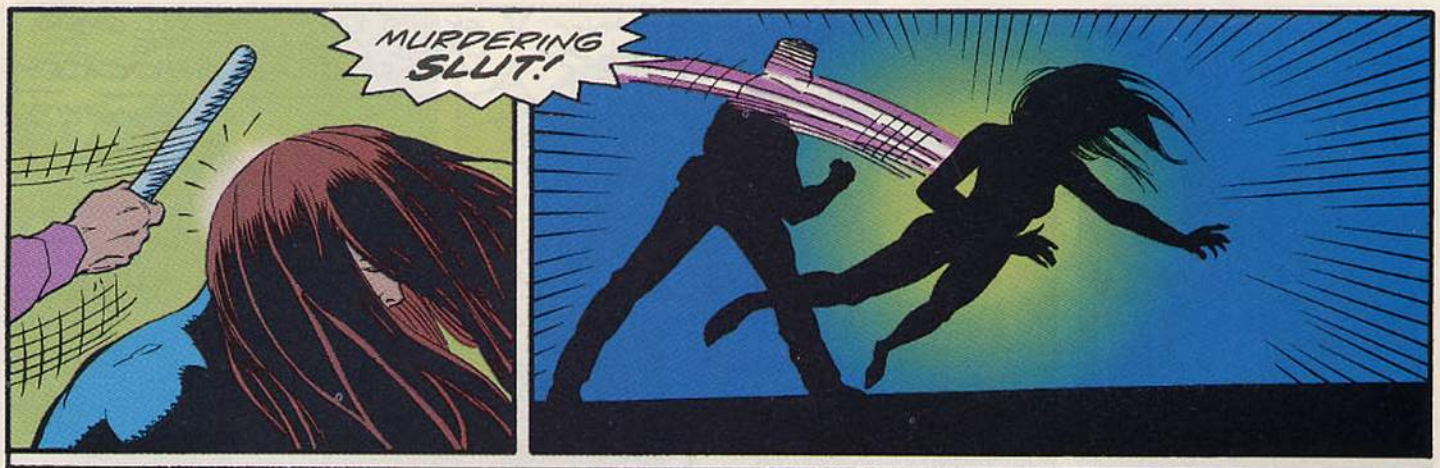

INSTINCT PROMPTS AN OUTCRY.
BUT A BLOW TO THE THROAT MAKES THAT REFLEXIVE BREATH HIS LAST.
THERE'S AN AWFUL INSTANT WHEN HE KNOWS HE'S DYING...
...AND THEN HE'S IN HER ARMS--THEIR TOUCH AS GENTLE AS HER ATTACK WAS DEADLY--
--WITH HER LIPS ON HIS IN A KISS THAT TAKES AWAY ALL FEAR, ALL PAIN...

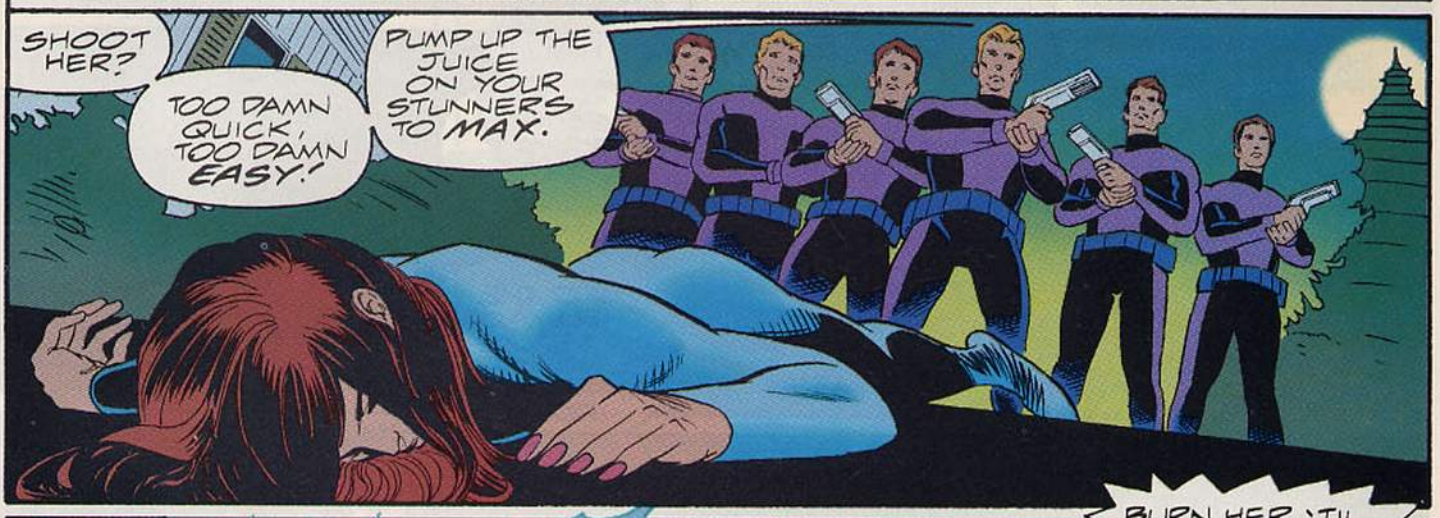

...ALL MEMORY...
AND ULTIMATELY, ALL BEING.
THAT FLASH!
WHERE'S CARMODY?!

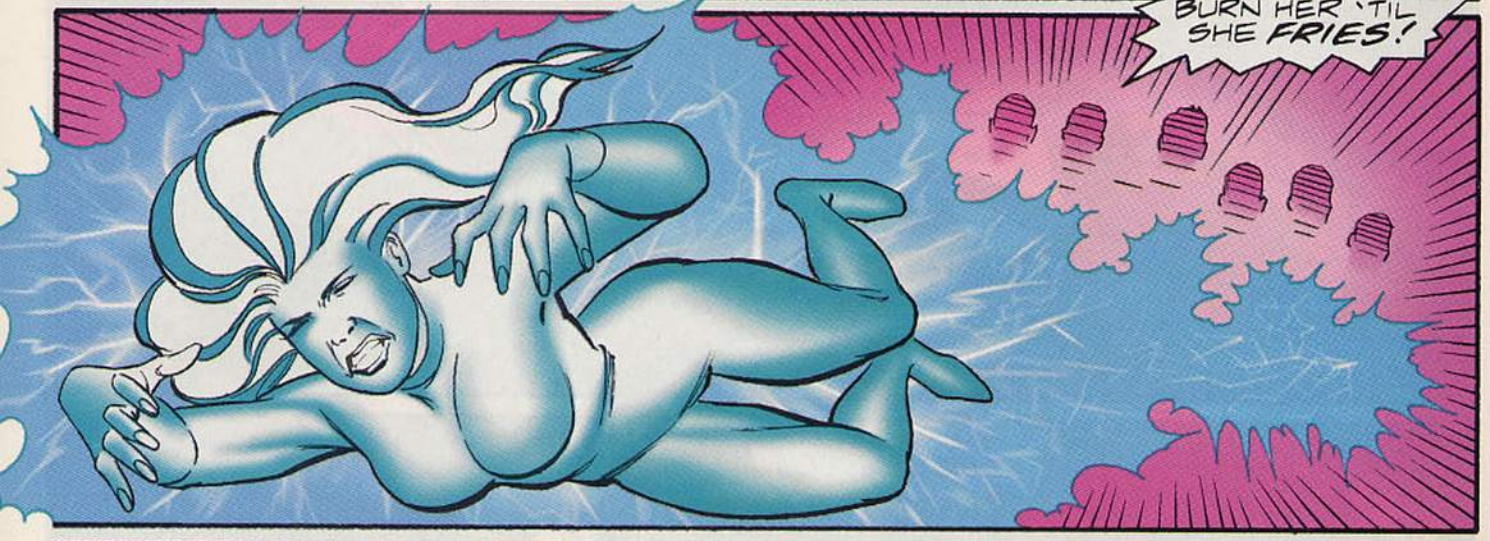
BILL? WHAT'S YOUR SITCH, BILL?
EVERYTHING OKAY?


EMERGENCY SIGNAL! FLASH THE OTHERS--
--WE GOT TROUBLE!
HOLY MARY?!

MY APOLOGIES, GENTLEMEN.
BUT THAT IS SOMETHING...
...I SIMPLY CANNOT ALLOW!
FAR TOO SLOW, AND FAR TOO SLOPPY!
MY BATTLE-TUTOR WOULD FLAY ME BLOODY FOR THIS PERFORMANCE.
FORTUNATE FOR ME, THESE AREN'T THE MOST FORMIDABLE OF FOES.


MURDERING SLUT!

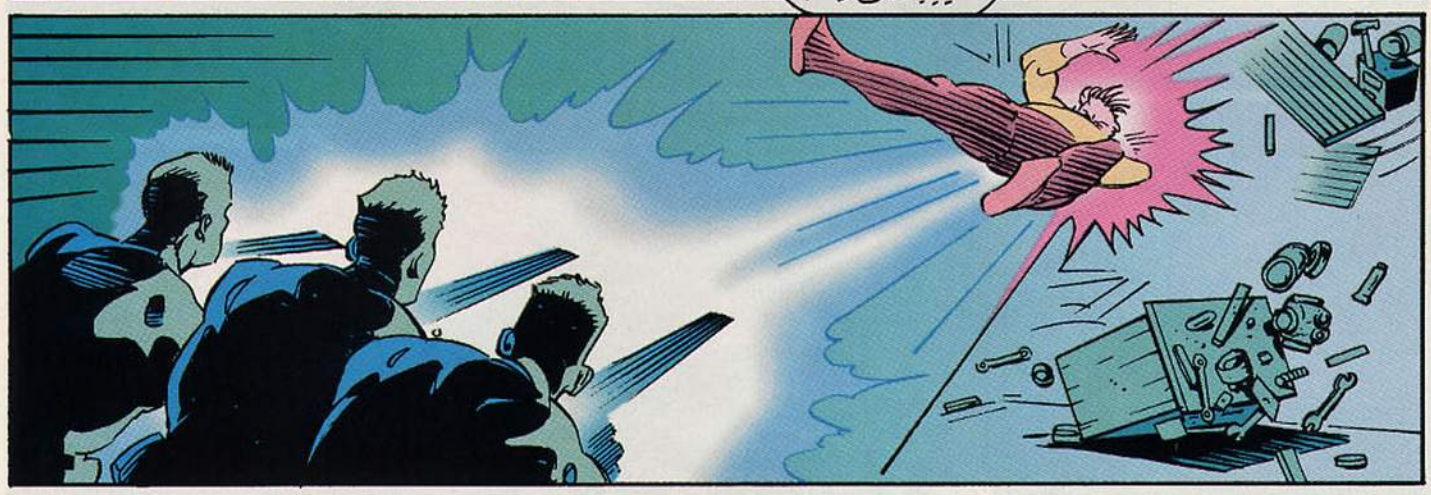

SHOOT HER?
TOO DAMN QUICK, TOO DAMN EASY!
PUMP UP THE JUICE ON YOUR STUNNERS TO MAX.


BURN HER 'TIL SHE FRIES!

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!
THAT DOSE WOULD'VE DROPPED A BULL ELEPHANT. BUT SHE'S STILL BREATHING!
HIT HER AGAIN, WITH ALL WE'VE GOT!

ZZZ
WHA--?! WHO SCREAMED!
WHOA!
WHY'S THE ROOM SPINNING?
OH MAN-- I FEEL SO SICK!
SKIN'S TINGLING ALL OVER, LIKE I JUST GOT THE MOTHER OF ALL SHOCKS--
HEY!?!

HE'S AWAKE!
THE GAS DIDN'T AFFECT HIM!
GO TO POLICY TWO!
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?! WHAT ARE YOU DO--?!!



WILLYA LOOK AT THAT!
HIT THE WALL SO HARD HE NEAR PUNCHED A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH IT.
ARNOLD, CHECK HIM OUT. SULLIVAN AND I'LL KEEP YOU COVERED.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, FELLA.
JUST ANOTHER STEP CLOSER...
DUNNO WHO YOU GUYS ARE--
--GOTTA TELLYA, RIGHT NOW I DON'T REALLY CARE!
OHWH!
BUT YOU BREAK INTO A MAN'S GARAGE...
...YOU TRY TO ELECTRO-CUTE HIM...
...THEN YOU GOTTA BE PREPARED...
... TO PAY THE PRICE!

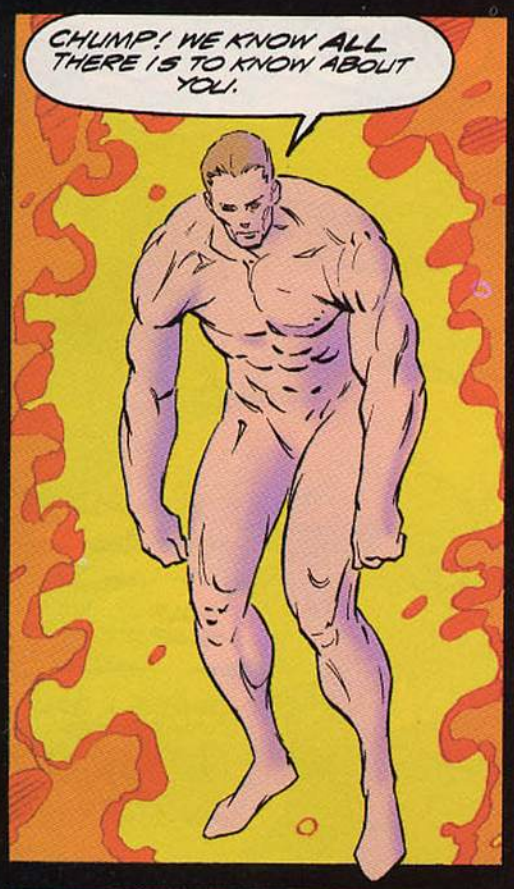
WHAT IS THIS, MAN--
--YOU A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT?
OR MAYBE YOU FIGURE BECAUSE I ONLY GOT ONE ARM...

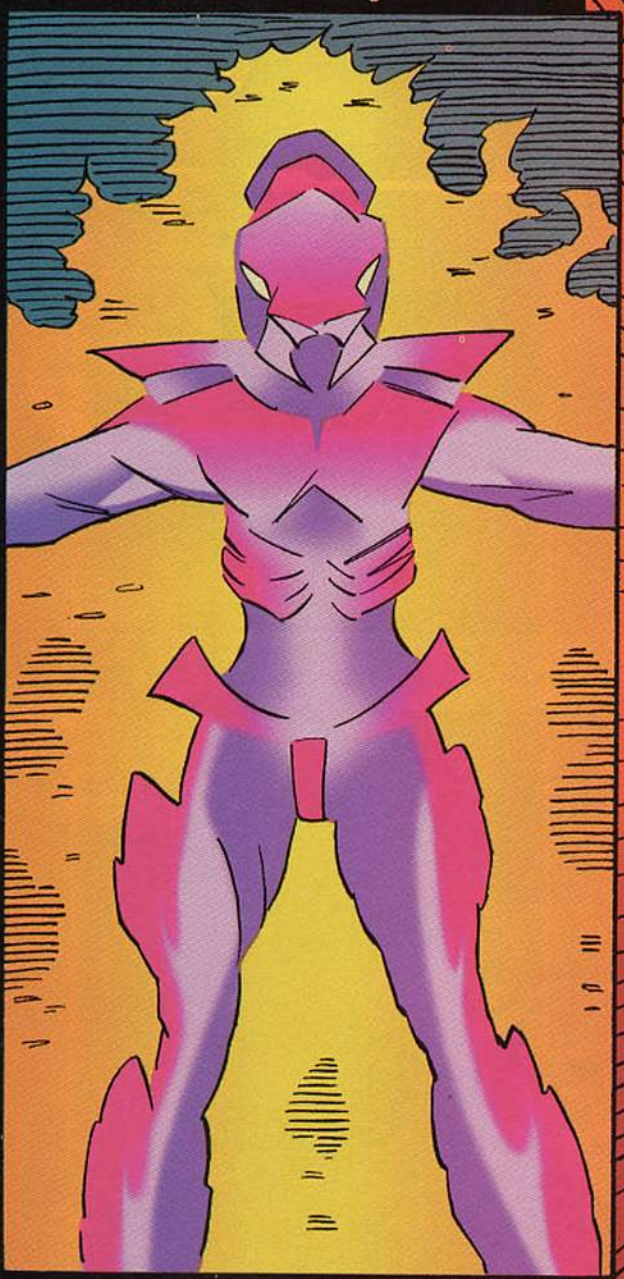
...AN' MAYBE MORE GUT THAN IS GOOD FOR ME...
...I CAN'T MATCH ONE'A YOU HARD-BODIES IN A FAIR FIGHT.

LIVE AND LEARN, PAL.
DON'T LOOK LIKE WISEGUYS-- OR ANY SORT OF STREET MUSCLE--
--AN' JACK ISN'T THE KIND TO USE SURROGATES. HE GETS MAD AT SOMEBODY, HE GOES FOR 'EM PERSONAL.
OUTSIDE OF HIM, I CAN'T THINK OF ANYBODY I'VE RIGHTEOUSLY PISSED OFF LATELY-- SO WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU DOING HERE?

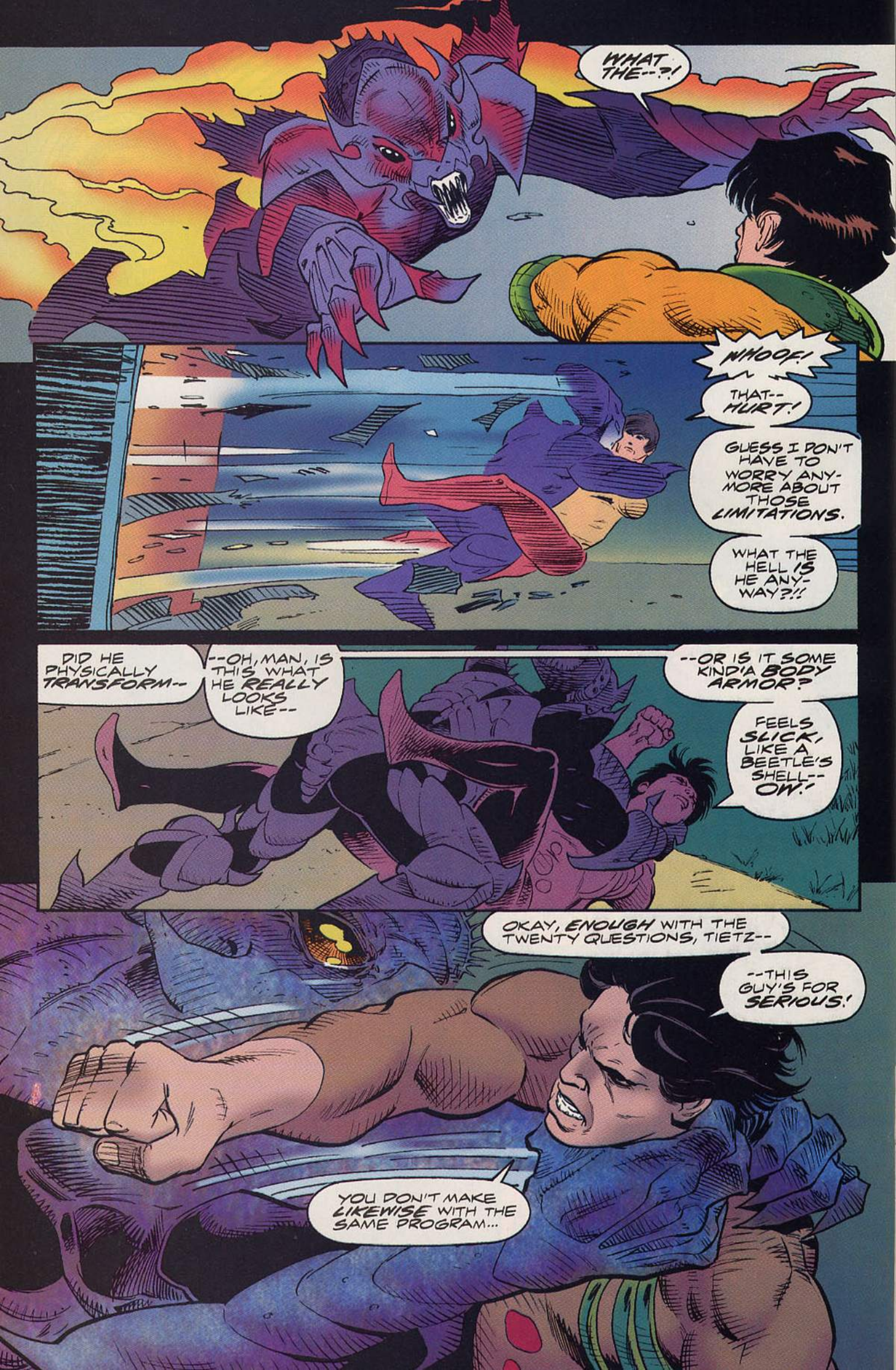
HEY, NOT MY PROBLEM ANYMORE.
I'LL LET THE COPS PUZZLE IT OUT.

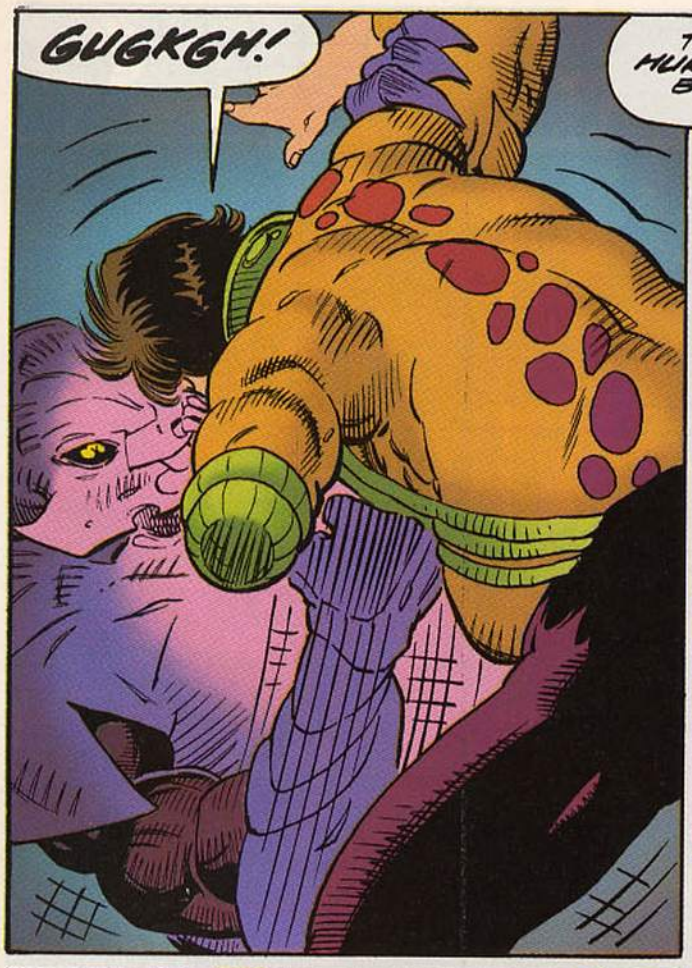
YOU'RE NOT CALLING THEM, TIETZ.
YOU'RE NOT CALLING ANYONE!
YOU KNOW MY NAME?!


CHUMP! WE KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT YOU.

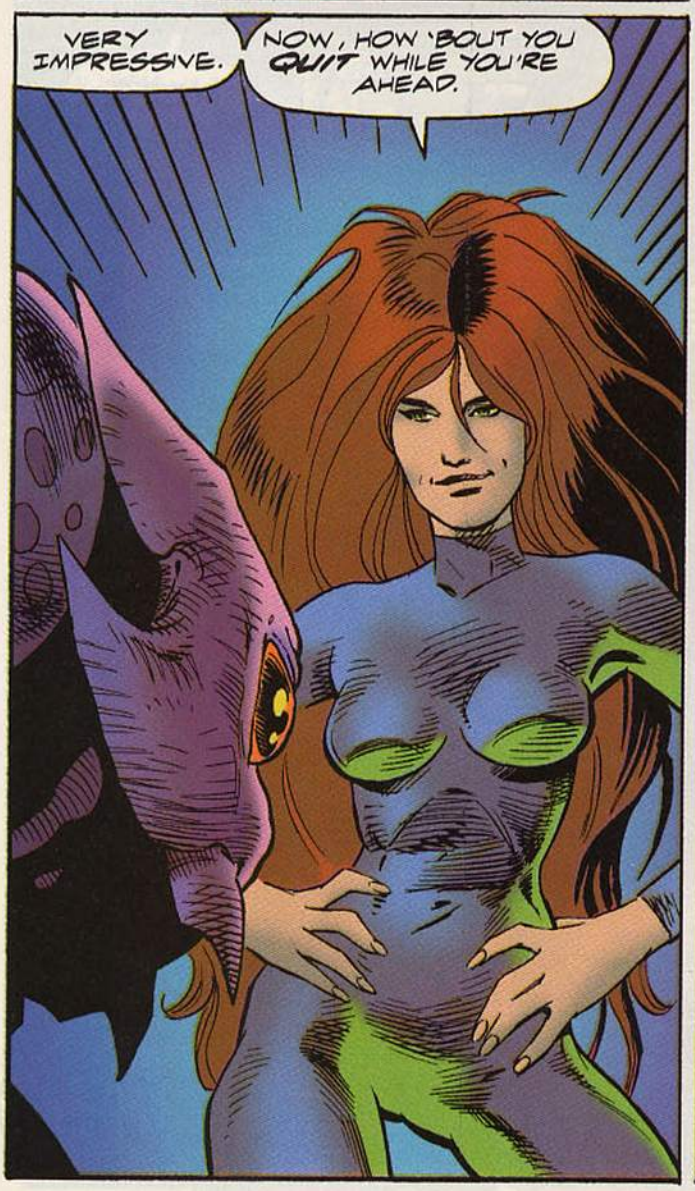


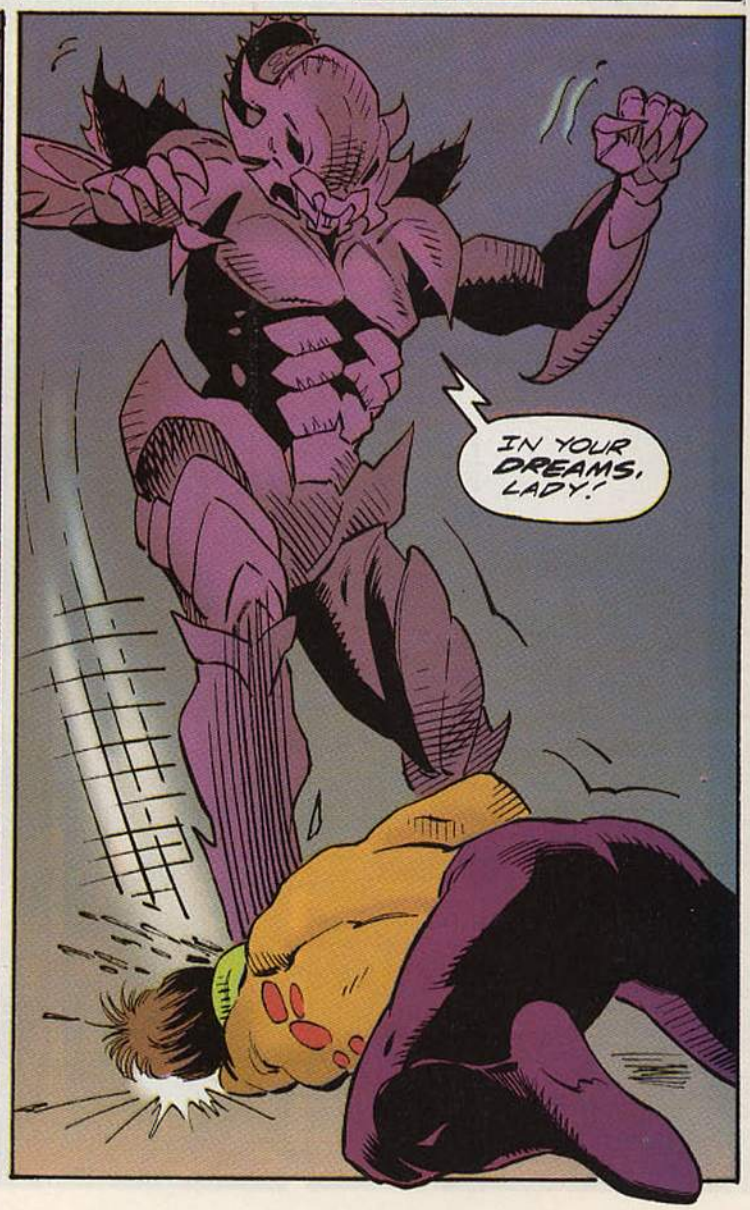
TO BAD YOU CAN'T SAY THE SAME IN REVERSE.

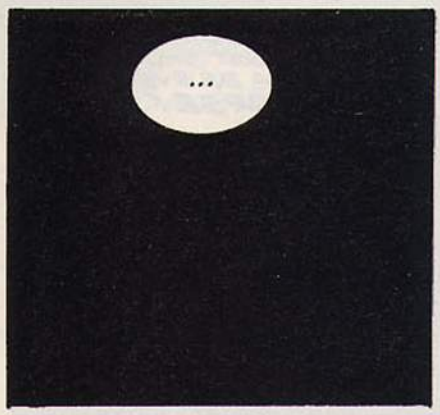

WHAT THE--?!
WHOOF!
THAT-- HURT!
GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ANY-MORE ABOUT THOSE LIMITATIONS.
WHAT THE HELL IS HE ANY-WAY?!!
DID HE PHYSICALLY TRANSFORM--
--OH, MAN, IS THIS WHAT HE REALLY LOOKS LIKE--
--OR IS IT SOME KIND'A BODY ARMOR?
FEELS SLICK, LIKE A BEETLE'S SHELL-- OW!
OKAY, ENOUGH WITH THE TWENTY QUESTIONS, TIETZ--
--THIS GUY'S FOR SERIOUS!
YOU DON'T MAKE LIKEWISE WITH THE SAME PROGRAM...


GUGKGH!

THAT HURT, FAT BOY?
I HOPE SO--'CAUSE THIS NEXT SHOT'S GONNA BE EVEN WORSE!
M-MY... HEART...
...OHMIGOD OHMIGOD CAN'T BREATHE IT HURTS...


VERY IMPRESSIVE.
NOW, HOW 'BOUT YOU QUIT WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD.


IN YOUR DREAMS, LADY!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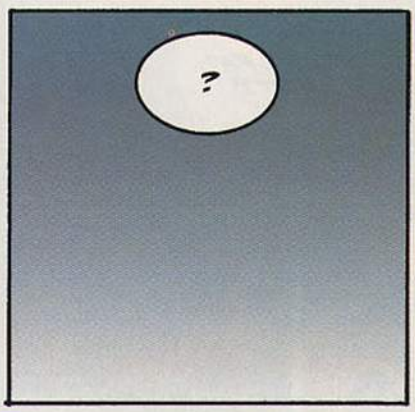
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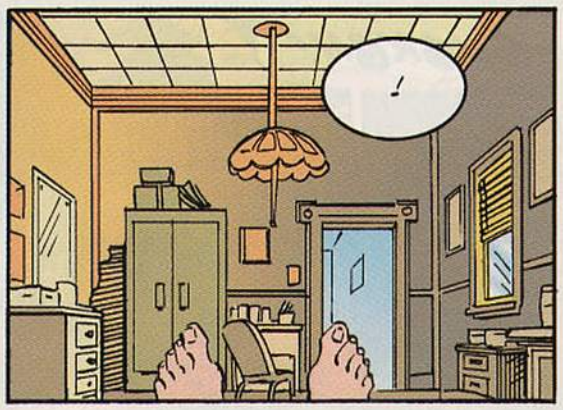
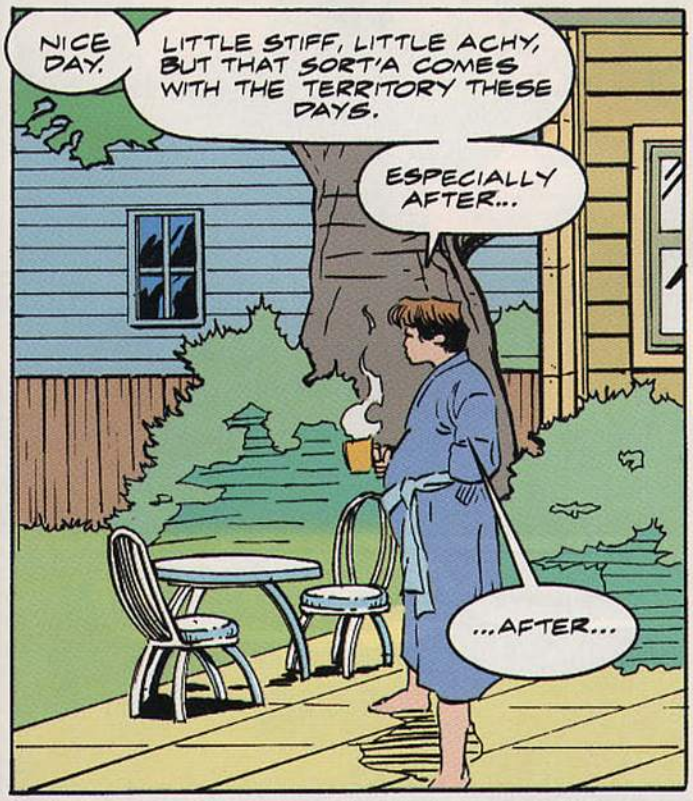

!

BED.
I'M IN BED.
SO, LIKE, WHERE ELSE AM I SUPPOSED TO BE, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING?

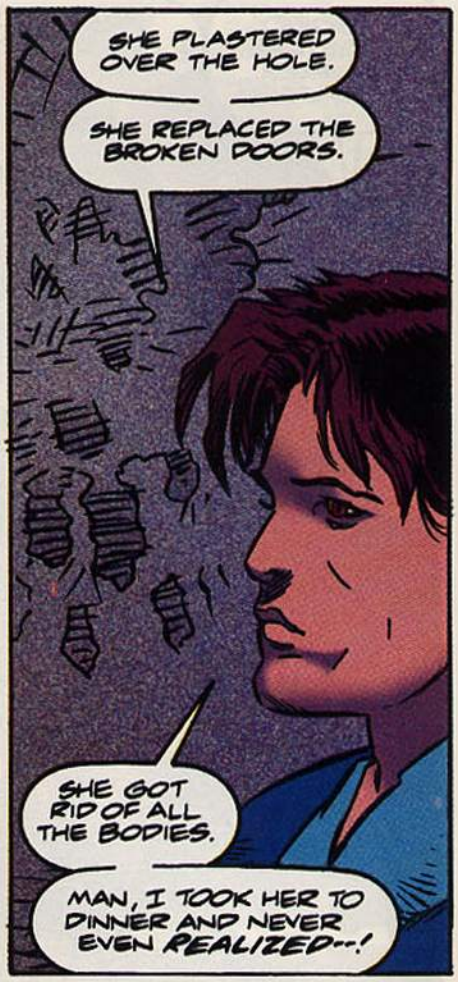

NICE DAY.
LITTLE STIFF, LITTLE ACHY, BUT THAT SORT'A COMES WITH THE TERRITORY THESE DAYS.
ESPECIALLY AFTER...
...AFTER...

GARAGE DOORS LOOK OKAY.
SO WHY SHOULDN'T THEY?
IT'S NOT AS IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO THEM DURING THE NIGHT. THIS IS A GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD.

SO WHY DO I KEEP THINKING...
... WHY DO I KEEP LOOKING...
...FOR SOMETHING TO TELL ME DIFFERENT?

THE EYE...
... RECORDED EVERYTHING.
SHE MUST NOT HAVE NOTICED, OTHERWISE SHE WOULD HAVE FIXED THEM...

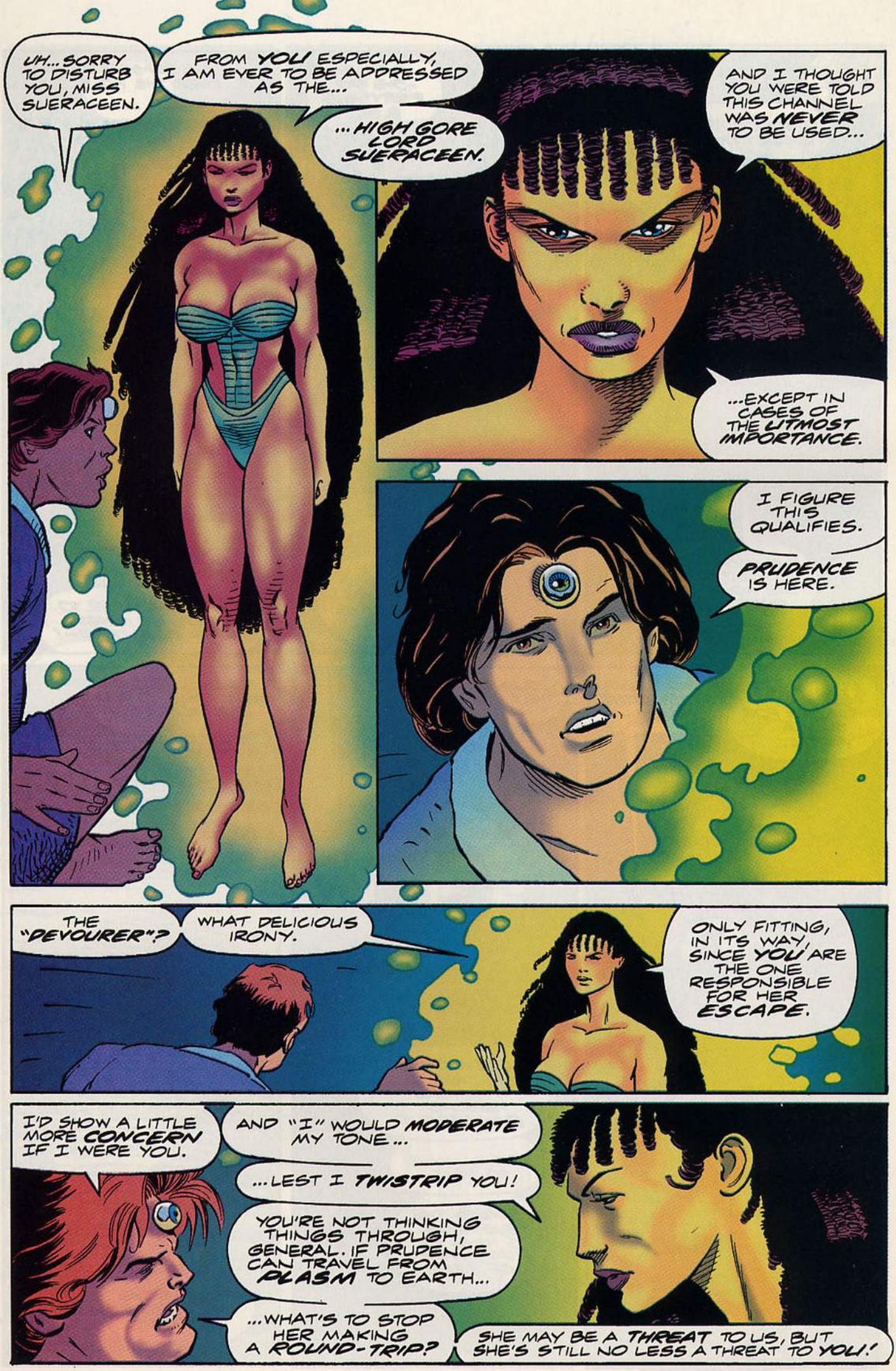
...THE WAY SHE DID EVERYTHING ELSE.
THIS IS WHERE I HIT THE WALL.


SHE PLASTERED OVER THE HOLE.
SHE REPLACED THE BROKEN DOORS.
SHE GOT RID OF ALL THE BODIES.
MAN, I TOOK HER TO DINNER AND NEVER EVEN REALIZED--!

MUST'A MADE HER DAY, TO PLAY ME FOR SUCH A FOOL.
DUNNO ABOUT THOSE OTHER GUYS...

...DUNNO WHO THEY REPRESENT...
...BUT NO WAY CAN THEY BE ANYWHERE NEAR AS DANGEROUS.
THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT.
SHE'S THE BUSINESS I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF FIRST.

I FEEL LIKE I'M REPORTING TO THE PRINCIPAL.
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!


UH... SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, MISS SUERACEEN.
FROM YOU ESPECIALLY, I AM EVER TO BE ADDRESSED AS THE...
...HIGH GORE LORD SUERACEEN.
AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE TOLD THIS CHANNEL WAS NEVER TO BE USED...
...EXCEPT IN CASES OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE.
I FIGURE THIS QUALIFIES.
PRUDENCE IS HERE.
THE "DEVOURER"?
WHAT DELICIOUS IRONY.
ONLY FITTING, IN ITS WAY, SINCE YOU ARE THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR HER ESCAPE.
I'D SHOW A LITTLE MORE CONCERN IF I WERE YOU.
AND "I" WOULD MODERATE MY TONE...
...LEST I TWISTRIP YOU!
YOU'RE NOT THINKING THINGS THROUGH, GENERAL. IF PRUDENCE CAN TRAVEL FROM PLASM TO EARTH...
...WHAT'S TO STOP HER MAKING A ROUND-TRIP?
SHE MAY BE A THREAT TO US, BUT SHE'S STILL NO LESS A THREAT TO YOU!

POINT TAKEN.
HEY!
WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

LEMME GO!
BE SILENT!
I TOLD YOU BEFORE, PRUDENCE IS THE DEADLIEST FORCE IN ALL CREATION.

I SEE IN YOUR EYES, LITTLE MANFORM...
...THAT AT LAST YOU UNDERSTAND THE TRUTH OF THOSE WORDS.
YOU LET HER LOOSE. WHATEVER'S OCCURED SINCE IS YOUR FAULT. AND YOUR RESPONSIBILITY!

YOU WANT HER FOUND...
...YOU WANT HER STOPPED...
...THEN YOU DO THE DIRTY WORK.
NEXT: ONE HAND CLAPPING!